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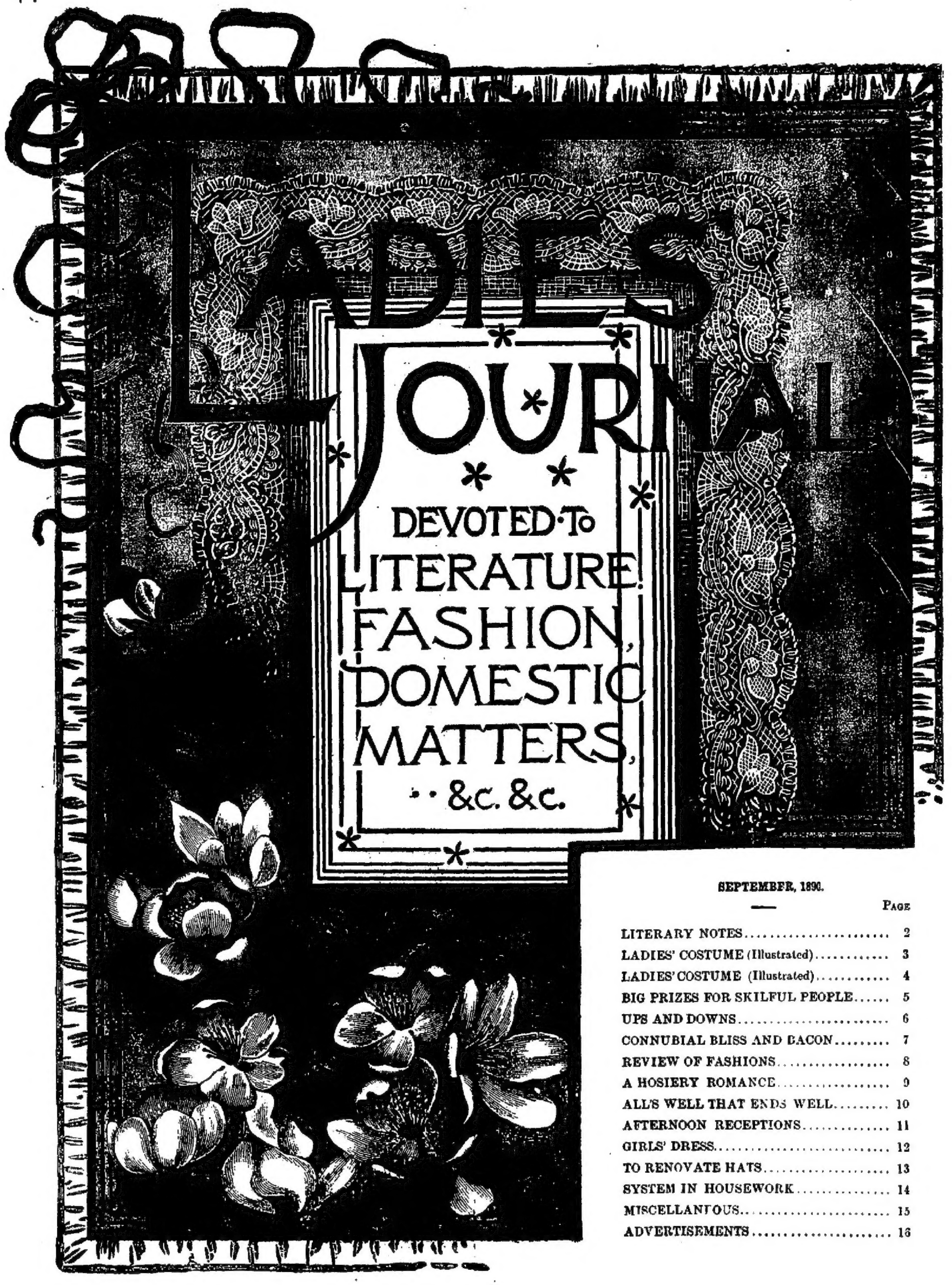

SEPTEMBER, 1890.

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LITERARY NOTES.

John Habberton in the last number of *Harper's Young People* relates a war story, entitled "After Blackberries."

An English edition of *The Ladies' Home Journal* is to be brought out in London on a scale never before attempted by an American magazine, and Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, proprietor of the *Journal*, and Mr. Edward W. Bok, the editor, sailed for Europe last week to perfect arrangements.

Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney, who is now abroad, contributes to the last number of *Harper's Bazar* an article describing her experience of "Country Life in England." The same issue of the *Bazar* contains the second instalment of papers on "Exercise for Women," by Emma Moffett Tyng, the subjects discussed being "Bicycles and Tricycles."

It is well known to every school-boy that the first man to accomplish what Columbus had attempted —reach Asia by a westward voyage from Europe—was Fernando Magellan, and that the first circumnavigation of the globe was accomplished by the remnant of Magellan's crew. Within the last few years, however, additional information has been obtained regarding this remarkable voyage, partly through the discovery in manuscript of some forgotten narratives written by the companions of Magellan, and partly through the results of recent observations of seamen and naturalists along the track of that bold navigator. Edward Everett Hale, in *Harper's Magazine* for August, will relate the true story of "Magellan and the Pacific," as it appears in the light of these recent discoveries and observations. Illustrations from old prints, and fac-similes of maps drawn by one of Magellan's companions will lend additional interest to the narrative.

At the time of General Fremont's death he was engaged upon the manuscript of a paper for *The Century's* forthcoming series on the California Gold Hunters. It was to be entitled "Finding Paths to California," and was not only to deal with the several exploring expeditions, but to narrate the writer's intimate connection with the events which led to the conquest and occupation of the territory. The work will be promptly continued by Mrs. Fremont. A first draft of the article had been made, and the subject had been so recently and closely discussed by General and Mrs. Fremont, that she will have no trouble in completing the manuscript, for which she had already written an introduction, as well as a supplement describing her life at Monterey in 1840. A fine portrait of General Fremont from a daguerreotype of '49 or '50 will appear in the September number of *The Century*, along with portraits of Commodores Sloat and Stockton, "Duke" Gwin, and Governor Burnett, in an article giving account of "How California Came into the Union."

For several years *Wide Awake* has from time to time given some beautiful stories of a highly fanciful nature from the pen of Miss Mary E. Wilkins; one of the best appears in the August number, entitled "The Princess Rosetta and the Pop-Corn-Man," with several illustrations by Garrette. Another charmingly fanciful story in the same number is by Susan Coolidge and is called "Three Little Candles." As a contrast come "The Hat of the Postmaster," another Nassau story by Mrs. Fremont, "Cy Hops's Victory," the story a Canadian Indian boy at school, by H. C. Chipman, and Miss McLeod's Acadian tale, "The Story of Bloody Creek." Perhaps one of the best things in the number is a short paper by Louise Stockton, "A Game of the Senses," in which she suggests the development possible to the senses through the using of them. The "helpful article" is by Mrs. Sallie Joy White on "The Visiting Mender," though the small girl of the household may prefer "Home-made Furniture for Doll Houses" by Mrs. Shapleigh. *Wide Awake* is $2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

"For the sake of the foreign author who is now robbed, for the sake of that foreign author who is plundered, for the sake of that vast body of people who read books in the United States, and upon whom we now force all the worst and cheapest stuff that presses of the world pour forth, a bill for international copyright ought to be passed. Most of all, it ought to be passed for the sake of the country's honor and good name." So writes Henry Cabot Lodge on International Copyright in the August *Atlantic*. His article is worth studying. The Use and Limits of Academic Culture, a paper by Professor N. S. Shaler, which shows the manner in which Professor Shaler believes the college could be brought into closer touch with the aims of the ordinary student, namely, the gaining of a living, is a noticeable paper of the number. It is followed by a sketch of Madame Cornuel and Madame de Coulanges. Both of these clever French women were given to epigram and bon-mots, many of which are retailed in this amusing sketch, which is written by Ellen Terry Johnson. Miss Murfree's Felicia and Mrs. Deland's Sydney continue their course. Mrs. Deland has, we fancy, reached the turning point in her heroine's history.

The *Forum* for August contains an article on the possibilities of agriculture, by Prince Kropotkin, who has made a thorough investigation of the greatest yields in the most densely settled sections of Europe. It is not a matter of the future, but an accomplished fact, that by agricultural methods already in use, the portion of the earth that is now under cultivation can be made to sustain perhaps ten times as many people as are now alive, not only with better food, but at lower cost than now. Prince Kropotkin makes a suggestion that 100 acres be set apart for this purpose as a part of the Chicago Exposition, and by this he feels sure that an object lesson could be taught to farmers of the United States, which would enable them to begin forthwith a reign of plenty. Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, in an essay on the *decollete* in modern life, points out the decay of delicacy not only in our social life, but in our art, in our literature, and even in our politics. The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in an essay on "Industrial Democracy," gives his reasons, purely from a Christian point of view, for believing that the wages system must soon yield to a system of co-operation, and in part also of State control. The essay is, in effect, an argument for something like a system of Christian socialism. Prof. Goldwin Smith writes a critical review of socialistic plans for revolutionizing society—discussing Bellamy's "Looking Backward" in particular. James Sully, the English critic, contributes a hopeful critical essay on the novel of the future. Sequard explains his experiments to show that we have two brains, and gives some practical hints as to a better development of both the mental and physical powers. Mr. Donald Morison explains the discontent in Newfoundland.

It will, no doubt, interest many of our readers who travel and collect books containing information about foreign countries, to learn that the Association of Commerce and Industry has published a profusely illustrated "Guide of Geneva, Switzerland," which contains an excellent map of that city and a large amount of information relative to the same and the Swiss Industries and Educational Institutions, Historical Notes, etc., etc. The book will be sent free of charge upon application to the New World Travel Co., Tourist and Excursion Agents, 321 Broadway, New York.

That able magazine for the home, *Good Housekeeping*, has given some attention of late to co-operation in the matter of dining and other topics connected with its special field; and the issue for August 2 has an interesting paper on some phrases of the idea. Then the series on "The Head, Hands and Feet" has reached the hands, and is well worth the attention of those who like to have the "human form divine" kept neat and presentable. There are a variety of other attractive features, for this admirable journal never languishes during hot weather. Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.

Those who like novels in which something happens will appreciate the stirring history of Geoffrey Hampstead. The name is that of the central figure of a strong novel by a new writer, Mr. Thomas Stinson Jarvis, a barrister of Toronto, Canada. In one sense, Geoffrey Hampstead is a realistic novel, since it deals professedly with every-day life; but the author recognizes the fact that men are carried away by hate and love, and swayed by all the passions and emotions, even in the seemingly prosaic life of to-day. Realism, if this novel be taken as an example, does not exclude plot, incident, action, and sustained interest. Geoffrey Hampstead is published in Messrs. D. Appleton & Company's Town and Country Library.

The great heat, which has evoked so many complaints during the past month, does not appear to have unnerved the arm or dulled the brain of those who discuss living issues in *Our Day*. The August number of this invaluable magazine comes crowded to repletion with interesting, instructive and stimulating articles. Some idea of the intellectual feast provided may be gathered from the following table contents: "Romanism and the Rum Traffic." "The Ethical Culture of Apo-American Youth," "Cause and Cure of Lax Divorce," "The Wisconsin Decision of the Bible in Schools," "Germany and England in Africa," Boston Monday Lecture," Book notices," etc., etc. *Our Day* Pub. Co., 28 Beacon St., Boston. Subscription, $2.50.

The *Arena* has recently had a very bright compliment paid it by one of the great representatives of New England thought, who, in a letter to the editor a few weeks since thus refers to the young Boston giant: "The place that was waiting for a periodical, not only free and able, but catholic and comprehension,—fair to every thinker and just to all thought, while open to any subject in which our common humanity is concerned,—in my judgment you fill. The *Arena* is wider and loftier than any other broad or high church. It is the most cosmopolitan of any magazine in this country or the world." The August number of this sterling magazine is fully up to its previous high standard. The paper by Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard, on "The Economic Future of the New South" is bright, entertaining, instructive, and should be read by all American magazine readers. The paper on "Our Foreign Immigration," is timely and able. "Hypnotism," by Dr. Emily Kempin, L. L. D., Secretary of the N. Y. Medico-Legal Society, is the clearest, most instructive and comprehensive presentation of this subject that has yet appeared in an American Review.

A rich and varied table of contents is set before the reader of the August number of *The North American Review*. Amid so much that is good it is hard to decide what is most attractive. No one, of course, will fail to read with interest what that eminent authority, General Sherman, has to say about "Our Army and Militia," which is the leading article of the number—the leader in order, if not in interest. General Sherman's scathing criticisms upon the antiquated statues which still are supposed to govern the army will arrest universal attention. The other most striking feature of the number consists of a brace of articles called forth by the contribution of a leading Republican ("X. M. C.") in *The Review* for July, in reference to the new rules of the House of Representatives. One of these is a defence of his own position and that of the House, by Speaker Reed; the other is furnished by a Democratic leader, who masks himself behind the pseudonym "Judex." The latter article is especially significant because it supports the Speaker in his contention that members present may be counted as part of a quorum, while at the same time the writer insists that the House itself, and not the Speaker, should do the counting. Two timely political topics are ably treated by the Hon. John Russell Young formerly United States Minister to China, who writes of "American Influence in China," deeply deploring the Restriction Act of 1888, and by Erastus Wiman, who enthusiastically urges that the time has come to "capture Canada"—not by a war, however, but by unrestricted commercial reciprocity. This favorite theme of Mr. Wiman is treated with his customary candor and ability.

To be helpful to women is the chief aim of the managers of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Every article has a true practical ring in it. What could be more helpful, at this season, for example, than a most sensible article on "How to Close a Country Home for Winter," by Florence Howe Hall, or a budget of advance "Hints for Making Christmas Presents"; or what will be the most practical styles for women's garments during the fall, which Mrs. Mallon describes with a skillful pen. Mrs. Lyman Abbott begins her work in this number, as one of the *Journal* editors, in a most promising manner. Maud Howe and Harriet Prescott Spofford supply each parts of a novel; Shirley Dare has a well-written article on the wisdom of granting favor; Dr. Talmage chats delightfully with women; Foster Coates, one of New York's best known editors, tells what are "Women's Chances as Journalists"; Eben E. Rexford gives hints for fall flower potting; Ruth Ashmore treats a page full of questions of manners and dress for girls; Edward W. Bok points out the possibilities of literary success; Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a poem; Dr. Louis Starr gives practical hints to mother about the care of children. Altogether we can heartily recommend the *Journal* as the best literary visitor to a home. Published, at $1.00 per year, at 433-435 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Andrew D. White takes up The Fall of Man in his Warfare of Science papers, in the September Popular Science Monthly. The belief that man was a perfect being when he first appeared upon the earth, and that there were no sorrow, toil, nor death in the world till brought in by his misconduct, is found in both classical and Hebrew mythology. Dr. White shows how scientific evidence has gradually rolled up till its weight forces the irresistible conclusion that man has had no fall from a high estate, but that, from low beginnings in the distant past he has been continuously rising. This is one of the strongest papers in the series.

In *The Chautauquan* for September appear two enterprising descriptions of summer outings. "On Mount Mansfield," by Bradford Torrey, is the delightful record of the quiet sojourn of a naturalist at the summit of this renowned resort. A sympathetic observer of birds and their ways, the article is largely composed of accounts of those met by the author in his jaunts to the by-ways and retired parts of the mountain. John R. Spears tells of seven happy weeks passed with his family in the Adirondacks. In a style exactly in keeping with that old but always fortunate opening of a story, "Once upon a time," which he has borrowed, he tells of the rollicking, independent, memorable days passed there. As an estimate of his own enjoyment of the events he so happily describes, he says in closing, "There are two kinds of people in this world—those who do not know anything about spruce bark camps in the Adirondacks, and those who do; and those who know feel very sorry for those who do not."

Middlesborough, England is well known as the great centre of the iron trade—a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, with 130 blast-furnaces, and an annual output of nearly two million tons of pig-iron. But there has recently been founded an English Middlesborough in America, which bids fair, if its present rate of development continues, to represent in time such wealth in gold and iron as the older city of which it is the namesake. Two years ago it had no existence save in the minds of its founders; to-day it is a city of several thousand inhabitants, aspiring to become the principal seat of the iron and steel manufacture of the United States. James Lane Allen, in an article entitled "Mountain passes of the Cumberland," which appears in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September, describes not only the phenomenal growth of this city, but the recent wonderful development of all that rich mineral region of eastern Kentucky in which it is situated.

The citizen soldier has the place of honor in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for September, the frontispiece of which is a fine equestrian portrait of Colonel Daniel Appleton, Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. The paper, by Lieutenant A. C. Sharpe, U. S. A., on "The National Guard of the United States," is the most concise, comprehensive and interesting illustrated magazine article on this subject ever published. William Hosea Ballou gives a graphic description of "The Great Cotton Belt." Captain J. S. Payne's thrilling article, "Campaigning with Crook," embodies a tribute to the great Indian-fighter, and is a valuable contribution to contemporary history. Other timely and beautifully illustrated articles, such as "Florence and the Beatrice-Dante Festival;" "The Green Vaults of Dresden," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "The Adirondacks as they are," by Frederick G. Mather, and "Some Poisonous Plants," by Dr. L. B. Fletcher, are among the main attractions of this specially interesting number. There are, as usual, short stories, poems, literary and descriptive essays in abundance.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Successful competitors in applying for their prizes, must in every case state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out. The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, $20; Cabinet Organs, $5; Sewing Machines, $2; Tea Service, $1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses, $1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, $1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, $1.00.

Singers and public speakers, all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum for the voice; 5c

THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. IX. No. 12—NEW SERIES. — TORONTO, SEPTEMBER. 1890. — $1 00 PER YEAR.

Fig. 25. No. 4684 Ladies' Costume.

Price 35 Cents.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 12¼ yards; 34, 36 inches, 12⅝ yards; 38, 40 inches, 13 yards; 42 inches, 13¼ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 6⅛ yards; 34, 36 inches, 6¼ yards; 38, 40 inches, 6½ yards; 42 inches, 6¾ yards.

For the medium size, 12¾ yards of ribbon velvet and 3½ yards of lace insertion will be requierd.

Fig. 25, Pattern No. 4684, price 35 cents, is shown here in India silk, trimmed with velvet ribbon, though any ordinary material will answer for the design, which has a knife-pleating sewed to the edge of the skirt; "glove" sleeves have all the fullness above the elbows, with shirrings on the inside. The bodice has a rounded front, with folds from the right shoulder lapped over the plain left, which has a trimming of the velvet ribbon. The collar is rolling and deeply pointed, with ribbon trimming corresponding with the rows used on the wrists and skirt.

Simplicity in Living.

Not long ago, a German lady of intelligence and culture said that the greater simplicity of German, compared with Canadian or American family life, impressed her as the most important difference between the two. She said that in her opinion the more elaborate way of living in this country, in comparison with that of German families of the same means, is proving a great burden to our women. Here, families keeping but one servant live in a style that in Germany, or France, would not be undertaken without two or three. The consequence is that much more work and care must fall upon our housekeepers.

The difference between servants here and abroad is another pointer that is greatly to the disadvantage of our women. In Europe there is much less trouble in finding and keeping help. Here, where there is ample means to hire the necessary help, it is often impossible to find it. Wealth, in this country, will not save the possessor from being left without servants, and obliged to do for herself whatever she has done.

Is it not a just criticism on our Canadian living, to say that the majority of us are attempting too much? Families having an income sufficient for comfort are burdened with expenses too heavy for their means, by unnecessary elaborateness in dress, furniture and manner of living. The anxiety and labor involved in the care of these things rob many women of much of the pleasure of life.

A woman having a beautiful home, after a summer in which she repeatedly had lost first one, then the other, and sometimes both at once, of the two servants she employed, exclaimed: "I would be so glad to give up housekeeping, and live somewhere in two or three rooms. There is no comfort in such a life." Probably her words would find an echo in the thoughts of many others.

A plainer manner of living would be a great relief to multitudes of overworked women, and as a matter of taste it would be a positive gain. There is a lack of refinement in the attempt to live in a style that is not suited to our circumstances and surroundings. If women are so situated that it is impossible to depend upon having competent and sufficient servants, then it is the part of both wisdom and good taste to so arrange their house-hold affairs as to require as little as possible from them.

The highest culture can be shown in the simplest living as well as in the most elaborate. In fact, simplicity has come to be recognized as an attribute of culture. The most highly-bred people are the most unobtrusive in manners, the least ostentatious in dress and living.

How the cost and labor of family life is to be brought within one's means and strength, is a problem which each housekeeper must solve for herself. No two families have needs and tastes sufficiently alike for one to be a model for another. Fortunately, at the present time, ample scope is given for individuality in home life. Twenty-five years ago, in small towns, houses of moderate cost were substantially alike in exterior. They had an upright part with one or two wings, and were painted white, with green blinds. Inside, the arrangement of rooms differed but little. The parlor furniture ordinarily consisted of hair-cloth chairs and sofa, and a marble-topped centre-table. Dishes were plain white for common use, with white, gilt-banded china for extra occasions. In the fashions of dress there was but little variety. A woman had small opportunity to suit her peculiar style. In all ways she must have what her neighbors had, because she could not get anything else.

Now, in all these things there is a variety which enables each one to have what she pleases. In building a house, the prudent person will plan not only to make the arrangement convenient, but that it shall not require more labor to care for it than can well be devoted to that purpose. Many a woman has found the burden of taking care of a large house, with insufficient help, so great as to take away all the pleasure anticipated from its possession. So with regard to furniture. It is not wise to have that which needs much care, if one is to do for one's self the work of keeping it in order. Every housekeeper knows how much work there is in sweeping and dusting a room filled with fancy work, or small articles that gather dust. A room can be made just as pretty without these troublesome things, and, if it is desirable to save labor, they will be dispensed with.

A friend who, on account of incompetent help often is obliged to do much of her own baking, has given up having any desert at dinner, or any cake at supper. Her family is just as well satisfied with the plainer food that can be prepared by the servant, and the mistress of the house is saved much time and trouble. Many families would not be suited with such an arrangement. Each woman must determine for herself in what way she can save both labor and money. It is safe to say that there are few who could not simplify this household management so as to economize time and work, while securing as much comfort as before.

Acknowledging One's Errors.

Few attributes of character are more charming than the faculty of gracefully acknowledging one's errors. The man who makes a blunder and sticks to it is a person with whom argument or controversy becomes impossible. The trouble and time spent in attempting to convince him of the truth are completely wasted, for he will still believe that what he has advanced must be right, even in the face of actual demonstration that it is wrong. On the other hand, of the action of one who will admit with frank and ready courtesy that he has been mistaken, it may be said that it "blesseth him that gives and him that takes"—it covers his own retreat with gracefulness, and gives his adversary a pleasant memory of an encounter with a generous foe.

Concerning the Hand.

One of the most common signs of want of good breeding is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them and a painful awkwardness in their adjustment. The hands of a gentleman seem perfectly at home without being occupied; they are habituated to elegant repose, or if they spontaneously move it is attractively. Some of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers made playing with their sword hilts an accomplishment, and the most effective weapon of the Spanish coquette is her fan. Strength in the fingers is a sure token of mental aptitude. When Mutius burned his hand off before the eyes of his captors he gave the most indubitable proof we can imagine of fortitude, and it was natural that amid the ferocious bravery of feudal times a bloody hand in the centre of an escutcheon should become the badge of a baronet of England.

"I would like you to give my son a chance in your printing-office." "What can the boy do?" "Well, at first he couldn't do anything more than edit your paper and take general charge of the mechanical department, but later on, when he learns sense, he'll be handy to have around to wash windows, keep lamp chimneys clean and sift ashes."

Promotes digestion and creates appetite. Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold everywhere 5c.

FIG. 26.—No. 4688.—LADIES' COSTUME.
PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30 inches, 13¾ yards; 32 inches, 14 yards; 34 inches, 14½ yards; 36 inches, 14½ yards; 38 inches, 15 yards; 40 inches, 15¼ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 30 inches, 6⅞ yards; 32 inches, 7 yards; 34 inches, 7¼ yards; 36 inches, 7¼ yards; 38 inches, 7½ yards; 40 inches, 7⅝ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 4¾ yards of 42-inch bordered goods for the skirt, 2⅝ yards of 42-inch plain material and 2 pieces of ribbon velvet will be required for the medium size.

In 4688, price 35 cents, we find a charming costume, suitable for light-weight woolen or silk goods, with a flat garniture of silk or ribbon velvet, galloon, tinsel vandykes, etc. The plain effect of the skirt is "broken" by lengthwise rows of velvet ribbon, finishing with a loop and forked end. The bodice has a full centre front opened invisibly, and gathered at the neck and point, with tapering revers on the sides. The collar is high, and the sleeves full at the top, with a finish of diagonal rows of velvet ribbon, corresponding with those coming from the side seams that unite at the point under the row surrounding the bodice edge.

PERSONALS

Philadelphia has a trade school for young women.

In Iowa 14 of the state superintendents of education, and four-fifths of the teachers, are women.

Miss Kate Marsden is making scientific investigations in Russia regarding leprosy, hoping to discover some preventive or palliative for that horrible disease.

London University has now on its rolls seven "lady masters" of art, 147 bachelors of art, two doctors of science, 21 bachelors of science, and eight women holding medical and surgical degrees.

Miss Dorothy Tennant, the bride of Stanley, is said to be equally at home in art, literature, and politics, and her room probably contains more photographs and autographs of contemporary celebrities than any other apartment in London.

The peasant women of Southern Italy work in the fields in summer, and at spinning during the winter, taking pay for the latter very often in cloth, which they can only sell with difficulty and at the buyer's price. Their state is consequently very wretched, and invites the philanthropic effort of their more favored countrymen.

Mrs. Minerva K. Elliot has been appointed secretary of the civil service examining board at Chicago, and is successfully conducting the business of her office, having found no difficulty in mastering the business principles necessary and the laws and rules pertaining to the position. She is the only woman in the United States holding a like situation.

Countess Tolstoi is indeed a helpmate for her famous husband. She not only attends to the supervision of the work of her large household, which contains nine living children, but manages her husband's business affairs, and has made numerous hektograph copies of his works which have been refused publication, but which in that manner have been circulated through the mails. A daughter of 18 also helps the Russian reformer in his patriotic and philanthropic labors.

A writer in a British paper declares that it is a mistake to suppose that women outnumber men in the United Kingdom. She affirms that statistics show 21 boys born to every 20 girls, and claims that the apparent surplus of 65,077 women in a total population of 35,000,000 is more than offset by the soldiers and sailors who are absent from the country. In Massachusetts, however, the census of 1885 showed a surplus of 79,607 women in a total population of 1,941,495, and probably the number will be even larger when the figures for 1890 are returned.

Miss Augusta M. Lowell, organist of the Church of the Incarnation at Harlem, N. Y., is considered the most distinguished organist of her sex in the country. She was born in California, and in childhood showed a genius for music, which during the past six or seven years has been developed by a course of thorough instruction at New York. During this time she has pursued her studies for ten or fifteen hours daily, and has composed some notable and beautiful songs and sonatas. Her success illustrates afresh that patient application and earnest effort form the only sure highway to eminence.

Princess Bismarck, wife of the great ex-chancellor, is coming into newspaper notice, now that all Europe no longer trembles when her diplomatic spouse scowls. She is described as a practical, methodical German matron, keenly alive to every detail of household arrangement; economical, but with motherly care for the comfort and welfare of every member of her household, including the humblest. Recent publications, however, indicate that within her special domains the iron rule of the chancellor has never been supreme, Frau Bismarck exercising to the full the prerogative of her countrywomen to wield the sceptre within the domestic circle.

The success of Miss Clemence De Vere, who has recently been engaged to sing at Rev. Dr. Paxton's church in New York at a salary of $4,000, the largest ever paid to a church singer in this country, was most deserved, and there is much gratification in calling attention to her early history. Miss De Vere is the daughter of French parents, her father possessing the title of a count and her mother having been in early life a successful concert singer. While Clemence was a child, the father was stricken with blindness, and the mother was obliged to return to her profession to support the family. Recognizing the great promise of her daughter's voice, the faithful woman strove diligently and by great self-sacrifice to secure for it adequate training, and when finally, after instruction by the leading masters of France and Italy, the daughter was declared sure of a brilliant future, the exhausted mother gave to her the care of the entire family, consisting of the blind father, the broken-down mother and several smaller children. So Clemence went to New York in 1889, and after a winter of very successful concert singing, accepted the generous call of the fashionable church.

A recent writer has summarized the qualities of "the discreet woman" something as follows: She can think as well as speak; does not rely on her "woman's instinct" to teach her how to do everything, but is willing to be shown that which she does not know and taught that which will be useful to her; generally manages to have a reserve force of knowledge which is not persistently displayed upon every possible and impossible occasion; does not tell a lie, large or small, if she can help it, but if one seems a necessity she "sticks to it," though heaven and earth combine against her; she does not tell the "why and wherefore" of everything known or supposed, even to her best friends; she can be blind, deaf, or dumb, when occasion demands; does not display her power over any man, or demand anything as her right; but knows her rights and how to get them without friction or ill-will. To this it may be added that she mingles kindness with a rebuke, gentleness with firmness, consideration for others with an earnest care for the special interests of herself and her family, and in speaking of her neighbors dwells with more satisfaction upon their good deeds than on their shortcomings.

The Girls' Brigade is reported to be becoming a popular and beneficial institution in Scotland. It originated in Edinburgh, where the first brigade was formed, but has now spread to all parts of the country. The organization is intended for girls from 12 to 18 years of age, employed in printing-offices, factories and shops, who as a badge wear red aprons with red and white borders and red and white shoulder sashes over their dark dresses, while officers have scarlet and silver stripes denoting the rank of the corporals and sergeants. Their drill consists of calisthenics to music, without apparatus, but with precision and grace, exercises in which rings, flags and ropes are used, and marches including several intricate figures—wheeling turning, and a maze. There is also singing, and sometimes a May-pole dance, with a little address from the superior officers, who are usually ladies of leisure with philanthropic purpose. In addition to the drill there are classes for singing, sewing and Bible teaching, and kindly talks on temperance, thrift and purity, somewhat of the nature of the working girls' clubs in America.

For the Treatment of Persons Overcome by Gas.

In regard to the treatment of persons overcome with gas several suggestions were made by different speakers at the recent meeting of the American Gaslight Association at Toronto. The most practical were those quoted on the authority of a prominent physician:

1. Take the man at once into the fresh air. Don't crowd around him.
2. Keep him on his back. Don't raise his head or turn him on his side.
3. Loosen his clothing at his neck.
4. Give a little brandy and water, not more than four tablespoonfuls of brandy. Give the ammonia mixture (one part in all) aromatic ammonia to sixteen parts of water, in small quantities at short intervals, a teaspoonful every two or three minutes.
5. Slap the face and chest with the wet end of a towel.
6. Apply warmth and friction if the body or limbs are cold.
7. If the breathing is feeble or irregular artificial respiration should be used, and kept up until there is no doubt that it can no longer be of use.
8. Administer oxygen.

BIG PRIZES FOR SKILFUL PEOPLE.

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

NEXT DOMINION CENSUS.

To be Taken Early Next Year.

As everybody knows the Dominion Government will, early next year, ('91) count the number of people now resident in this great and growing country. The figures will be of interest to every man, woman and child in Canada. The LEISURE MOMENTS Publishing Company will give the following cash prizes to the persons sending by mail the nearest estimates to the total population of the whole Dominion of Canada as indicated by the approaching census:—

CASH PRIZES

1 First	$2,000.00
1 Second	1,000.00
1 Third	500.00
1 Fourth	300.00
1 Fifth	150.00
3 Prizes of $50.00	150.00
10 " " 25.00	250.00
20 " " 15.00	300.00
100 " " 10.00	1,000.00
200 " " 5.00	1,000.00
200 " " 3.00	600.00
1,000 Quadruple Silver plated long Button Hooks	500 00

To assist in arriving at a correct estimate we give the result of the last three official counts. The skill will be shown in figuring the proportionate increase:

PREVIOUS TAKINGS.

	1861	1871	1831
Population of Dominion....	3,171,418	3,602,596	4,324,810.

CONDITIONS.

One dollar for a year's subscription to LEISURE MOMENTS must accompany each estimate. If the estimates of two or more persons are found to be alike, and they are the nearest the official figures the prize will be divided equally. The official figures will be given in the first issue of LEISURE MOMENTS succeeding the Government announcement, and the prizes, less ten per cent. for expenses, will be at once paid over. One person can send in two or more estimates accompanying each estimate with one dollar, for which LEISURE MOMENTS will be sent for six months to any address.

LEISURE MOMENTS is one of the most desirable family periodicals on the Continent, being alone well worth the subscription price. Estimate carefully, note the increase of population in former decades, figure accordingly, and the $2,000 may be yours. Address LEISURE MOMENTS Publishing Co., Toronto, Canada.

AGENTS WANTED.

The object of the LEISURE MOMENTS Publishing Co. in giving away these large amounts in cash is to extend the circulation of the paper, and they will require a number of live agents in every locality, to whom liberal inducements will be offered. Write for terms and territory. The company have copyrighted this and kindred plans in connection with the census of '91, as well as the one to be taken ten years hence, and they say all infringements will be vigorously prosecuted.

Drinks for Invalids.

There are some old-time drinks for invalids which are very refreshing and wholesome in warm weather. Tamarinds may now be found in market at 10 cents a pound in the pod. Shell a cupful and pour over the pulp a quart of boiling water. Let it stand about twenty minutes at the back of the stove, sweeten it and allow it to get cool. Then strain it and set it on the ice till very cold, and serve as lemonade. A tamarind whey is made by boiling an ounce of tamarind pulp in a pint of milk and straining it. Serve cold. The following is a good old English recipe for barley water which may be grateful to invalids suffering in the summer. Wash well two tablespoons of pearl barley. Boil it in a pint of cold water for half an hour. Throw off this water and replace it by two quarts of boiling water. Let the whole boil till the liquid is reduced to one-half. The juice of half a lemon and a little lemon peel should then be added, and sugar to the taste. A pinch of salt will be found an improvement.

The heroine of the hour just now in Berlin is a German girl, Fraulein Sohanna Maestrick. Fraulein Maestrick was born near Berlin, but went with her parents as a child to Portugal. When she was 17 an impresario, struck with her size and beauty, offered to train her as a female bull-fighter. She has not yet appeared in an arena, but last week she came out in a trial fight at Oporto. A huge crowd collected to see the unusual sight. The young lady quickly laid two bulls in the sand, and rode off followed by a band of music amid thunders of applause. Crowds of people collected before the windows of the hotel at which the "Torera" was staying, and far into the night she was obliged to appear on the balcony in response to th

FIG. 27.—No. 4687.—LADIES' COSTUME.

PRICE 35 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36 inches, 16 yards; 38 inches, 17 yards; 40 inches, 17½ yards.

Quantity of material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32, 34, 36 inches, 8 yards; 38 inches, 8½ yards; 40 inches, 8¾ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 7¾ yards of 42-inch material, 1¼ yards of 21-inch velvet, and 5½ yards of ribbon velvet will be required to make the medium size.

The very fashionable yoke effect is shown in this costume, Pattern No. 4687, price 35 cents, which may be of any light-weight material, silk or woolen, with the yoke and deep cuffs of a contrasting fabric. The upper parts of the sleeves are gathered in the arm-size, and the lower part in the cuffs. The bodice is shirred in a V-shape to form an erect frill, with the fullness then brought to the point, back and front, under a sash of ribbon or velvet No. 12. The skirt hangs in easy side-pleats, with a gathered front and back, the latter having a deep upper flounce, as illustrated.

Pretty Irish Girls.

In the remoter districts, away from the villages, among the peaty bogs and the hawthorn hedges, the roses bloom red in the cheeks of the Irish peasant girl. However she manages it on the stirabout and potatoes, she grows lush and vigorous and full of sap, like the green things that fill the island.

The colleen bawn is straight, she is not infrequently tall, her shoulders are broad, her waist large but supple, and she looks as strong as a young man. Her hair is brown, perhaps with a shade of chestnut; sometimes it has a ripple in it, but oftener it is lustreless and straight, and, very possibly, so heavy as to be almost mop-like. I have seen peasant girls with braids that were like clubs, the tresses when unbound reaching the knees.

Her forehead is low, and the wave of hair is drawn back to leave it uncovered; her eyes are frank and blue, her complexion clear, though exposure to the weather has darkened it and put into it shades of yellow-brown, and the red in her cheeks is as deep as in the poppies that brighten the wheat fields. It is a splash of color, daring, as if an artist had flung it on a dark spot of his canvas, more brilliant than one ever sees in the drier climate of what they are here pleased to call "the States," spreading its warm blush quite from cheekbone to chin.

The peasant girl is often fine-looking, sometimes superlatively handsome, but never with what an American would consider any deficiency of beauty. She has few of the soft curves of more luxuriously nurtured young womanhood. Her arms are not rounded, they look muscular and hard. Her bust is flat, like an Amazon's. She is not dimpled, but she is sturdy, as becomes a scion of the "foinest pisanthry in the world." Her greatest charm is her fresh and splendid vitality.

She wears a red kerchief over her head or folded about her shoulders, and a petticoat of brown or dark blue stuff, which she weaves herself and which stops half way between her knees and her ankles. Six days in the week her feet are brown and bare. They are large feet, and look better in their naked shapeliness than when disguised for Sundays and holidays under coarse yarn stockings—these she knits—and the cheap laced shoes, with the peculiar combination of thick soles and high heels, which come to the small market towns. For defense against the weather she has a long black cloak gathered at the neck and provided with a hood, and which is probably the most characteristic article left of the old peasant costume.

An Expensive Substitute.

A very pretty example in arithmetic, as well as a story of some interest, is afforded by the case of an old man named Laurent, now living in good health at the village of St. Radegonde-of-the-Apple-Trees, in France.

In the year 1814, when the Emperor Napoleon made his last levy of troops to resist the invasion of France by the powers of Europe, one Peter Julian Laurent, a poor knife-grinder, was employed by a rich citizen named Ulysses Gaudin, whose name was more warlike than was his disposition, to go to the war in his place.

Substitutes were somewhat hard to find in those days, and before Laurent would consent to serve in Gaudin's place, he exacted a payment of eight hundred francs down, and an agreement that, in case he, Laurent, should lose his life in battle, three hundred and fifty francs a year should be paid to his widow as long as she should live, and after her death three hundred francs a year during life to his son, then four years old.

Peter Julian Laurent was killed under the walls of Paris within four months after his enlistment. His widow received her three hundred and fifty francs a year regularly from Gaudin and his family until 1832, when she died.

The Gaudin family then sought to evade the payment of the annual amount of 300 francs agreed upon for Laurent's son, but the matter was carried into court, and Laurent won his case. The Gaudins were ordered to pay him the amount each year as long as he lived.

Laurent is still living, in the best of health, and promises to live ten years longer. The Gaudin family remain solvent, and have paid him regularly, since 1832, the amount which his father stipulated to give him.

Those who are curious in arithmetical matters can easily compute how much money Ulysses Gaudin's substitute has cost, all told; also, if they like, what the amount, capitalized in 1814, would have been, and also what that capital, at compound interest since 1814, would have amounted to by this time.

Swimming for Boys.

"I never would allow my boy to learn to swim," said the mother of an only son; "and I never could bear to have him in a boat. Skating I always detested, and ball playing I consider vulgar. He had a horse for riding and he was always allowed to walk as much as he chose."(!)

Her hearer understood why it was that her son had grown up to be a narrow-chested and delicate man, and were thankful that he was permitted to go out doors at all in his boyhood, says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*.

Fortunately this young man had possessed a strong love for walking, and also for study, which had kept him from inanition, and, also out of mischief. But for an active, full blooded boy, not decidedly studious, such a bringing up as has been described would have meant either ruin or death.

There is no need to descant upon the manifold attractions and uses of swimming. All proper precautions for his safety should be taken, but your boy should learn to swim. Never let him go into the water unless he is well; neither let him go alone or with flighty boys only, even when he has mastered the art of natation—cramps and accidents of all sorts are too common for that. Keep him away from rapids and whirlpools, and impress upon him at every opportunity, by anecdote, precept and example, the necessity of exercising prudence in the matter. Especially see that he is familiar with remedies for cramp and with the modes of reviving the drowned. Many a valuable life has been lost because a boy's companion did not understand how to use proper restoratives when his body was first recovered from the water.

The capacity of yielding to wise restraint always leads to the capacity for self-restraint. Look at the progress of the youth who has always been indulged in every whim and never thwarted in any desire. He grows up selfish and disagreeable, and, though he may fancy he enjoys liberty, he really knows nothing of it; for although he may defy all attempts to influence him, though he may break through the barriers of public opinion and disregard the laws of society, he yet bows in servile subjection to his inclinations, he yields the reins to his passions, he is conquered and ridden over by appetite or ambition, and has no power to guide or control his lower nature, and thus he becomes a slave in the worst possible sense, and to the worst possible master. On the other hand the loving discipline of home, teaching the youth gradually but steadily to control his desires, the wise restraints of school or college, training him to habits of concentration and a good government, enforcing equal rights for all, all tend to fit him to understand and enjoy real liberty.

Written for The Ladies' Journal.

UPS AND DOWNS.

A CANADIAN STORY

BY MISS L. A. R.

CHAPTER VI.

Edgar Atheling was a self-made man. He began by pushing his young face into the whirlpool of business as a newsboy on the streets of Toronto, and, though coppers were all that touched his thin fingers, his active young brain, pre-naturally sharpened by competition, was ever on the alert for an opening to change the metal's color.

Meanwhile the refining influence of his mother made him the pride of the street Arabs, with their strange mixture of generosity as they also give no quarter to the backslider.

And then Edgar's wheel of fortune commenced slowly revolving on its axis, the first spoke being the office of "printer's devil." Many a day the mother's fair faced boy came all be-spattered with ink, and she brushed the silken curls with gentle hands and still more gentle words of encouragement to persevere in what would help to make a respectable citizen; for she was not less sanguine of her child's dream of riches.

Up-hill work it was for many a year, but with the steady tenacity of his English nature he fought against heavy odds, and ended by being one of the weightiest writers on one of the papers he called on the streets.

It is surprising how helping hands are stretched out to the successful man when he no longer needs assistance, like honors to the memory of genius cut short by starvation.

Single handed Edgar carved his way, and now at every turn were scattered golden opportunities as the rich man trusted his business to the rich man.

His early training in indigence taught him how to value money, as also to "do unto others as he would be done by." Many a young fellow owed his success to Edgar's sound advice, backed by a more necessary bank note.

As to the newsboys, he bought more daily papers than would supply a score of public libraries, and the young boys, knowing his weakness, invariably headed to his office with all unsold papers. He was to them only second to their heir Alderman Buguler.

Three years ago on the death of the editor of a leading journal in the Limestone City, he accepted the post, and with his mother took up their residence, enjoying in each other's company the comforts of an elegant home, as only those can who have had a hard battle to keep the wolf from the door.

He soon made his mark there, and though a strong Tory, the great wave of labor reform sweeping over the country, found a valiant support in his paper.

It is whispered around that he will be brought out by the Conservatives at the next Parliamentary election, with the chance of carrying the day; for the working men will vote for him to a man. If questioned himself he could truthfully assert his indifference to his nomination; but let him once accept, and the opposite will have a hard man to fight.

CHAPTER VII.

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Johns wants to know if you can pay him his bill and I will receipt it?"

Louise Sheridan took the bill out of the grocer boy's red hand, and, turning it over saw an ugly total of twenty dollars staring her in the face.

It was the second account received that morning, with only two dollars to meet them.

Mechanically she ran her eyes over the items, perhaps to see if that already too frugal grocery fare might be lessened, or, in the faint hope of discovering a mistake in her favor: but the tea and sugar could not be diminished, no more than the severely correct book-keeping.

Just then a carriage rolling easily along stopped.

Raising her head at the rare sight, Louise saw a couple of ladies, one of whom she had seen at the commencement! Telling the boy she would call to see his master that evening, she stood with the "bill" crushed tightly in her hand, to receive her elegant caller, who swept up asking if she were addressing Miss Sheridan.

Louise bent her head, and courteously inviting her within, led the way to her combination room, which, being the afternoon, was the parlor.

Whilst Louise was reading Mrs. Souvestre's card, the owner threw a swift glance around the apartment with its unmistakable signs of a low pocket, yet, touched here and there with refined girlish taste. But she was too well bred to be caught inspecting, so she answered Louise's eyes.

"That she understood Miss Sheridan was open to elocutionary engagements in private houses, and as it was too warm for dancing, she was having private theatricals before leaving for Muskoka, and would be so pleased," she added confusedly, "if she would come."

Something in the bearing of the young girl with her delicate fingers clasped round a bit of white paper, caused the lady of fashion to solicit the presence of this one, in strange contrast to the imperious arrangement made an hour previous with the hired orchestra.

Mrs. Souvestre was on the point of leaving, when, as if it were of no account she asked:

"How about the terms, Miss Sheridan?"

"Five dollars an evening is my charge," the young woman replied.

The rich lady elevated her eyebrows, paused, and acceded, thinking, "my pet poodle must do without a new collar this week." Whilst the other inwardly reflected:

"That will quiet Mr. Johns, and something may turn up, eh, Pluto?" stooping to pat the black, shaggy head of her canine friend, and receiving a sympathetic look from his great, brown eyes, as he rubs his cold nose into the caressing hand

CHAPTER VIII.

On her way to fulfil her engagement, Louise opened the gate of "Alloway," and following up the gravel walk, came upon the usual group of friends to be found around the helpless George Frazer and his charming wife, the latter hastening with her ever ready words of warm welcome.

"Just in time, Miss Sheridan," she is saluted in Langtry's boyish voice, as he holds out a plate of red rosy harvest apples which are considerably lessened by every meeting of his strong white teeth.

After shaking hands with the master of the house, she takes the proffered seat by Beverleigh Romayne.

"Who always manages that kind of thing," Lolly grumbles to Mrs. Morrey.

"Sour grapes," she consolingly rejoins.

"I cannot remain long," Louise is telling them, "for I am on the bill boards at Mrs. Souvestre's," and she is cheered by their hearty congratulations on her growing popularity. But Beverleigh Romayne as he watches the sensitive face, smiling so brightly back at her friends, sees something more, and a fancy of regret for "what might have been," makes the rather languidly elegant Beverleigh rise hastily from his chair, but before he has taken a dozen steps the foolish thought has passed away, and, stooping, he plucks a calla lilly and gives it to Louise as a forerunner of her coming laurels.

He is rewarded with a smile from the wondrous eyes, (for she is pleased at his ever gentle courtesy), that makes Lolly Langtry feel like pulling up a young poplar near, if by such a waste of strength he might reap the same.

"By the way," Arthur Karnagh asks, "is not the daughter of Croesus Heatherleigh, and that clever fellow Atheling going to join hands?"

"I met her," chimes in susceptible Lolly, "she is a little angel, and swears by your Miss Sheridan. "I beg your pardon," with a deep bow to his right. "She speaks of our honored friend with the reverence of a Catholic for his patron saint."

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Souvestre's guests had gathered and were seated in the impromptu theatre. The long drawing room served for the pit, the folding doors, a secure curtain between the conservatory, which was a seal green room, and the stage, sheltering the confused performers who were in a more nervous state over appearing before their intimate friends, than would be their professional brothers before all the crowned heads of Europe.

To one side are the hirelings of the evening, Professor B. and his magnificent band who are thoroughly amused at the excited actors in their arranging the draperies of the transformed soldiers in "Princess Ida."

Gazing out on the beautiful grounds is Louise Sheridan. She can hear the low voices of gently reared women, interningled with little ripples of laughter, making a charming woman's fascination to the man by her side foolishly complete. And as she listens, wonders if she will meet any familiar face among this assembly of Toronto "upper ten."

The curtain is drawn back, and the stars have gone forth to shine before their good humouredly tolerating audience. Then follows, "Has sorrow thy young days shaded," drifting into "Alice," and as the last deep chords are dying away, there stands a realization of the music.

The audience remain strangely quiet, each one feeling the mesmerisin of those Irish gray eyes, as she throws one shyly direct glance; then the faithful zashes come to the rescue, as she musters courage for her work.

The elaborately arranged ladies wonder how that simple black nun's veiling falls so gracefully, and how "sweet" that calla lily nestles among the beautiful brown tresses.

With a slight bend of the dark head she commences the old but ever feeling tale of the "Curfew Bell." The men as they listen to the flute like voice, growing intense in its pleading with the immovable old sexton, and see the rich blood coming and going, experience an innane desire to be in the doomed lover's danger.

In the rear, yet having a good view of the stage, sits a gentleman listening with close attention to the reading, and also with invaluable tact appreciating the languishing glances of his fair companion which grow actually mellow when, words of endearment are echoed pure and clear from Louise's fresh lips.

As she finishes, black coats are ruthlessly stripped of their floral ornaments, and many a beatiful corsage flower finds its way to her feet.

Then comes the questions "who is she?" "Where did you discover such a treat, *dear* Mrs. Souvestre?"

Edgar Atheling behind his beard smiles, as he hears his hostess promising to bring in her treasure-trove after the closing and turning to his lady friend, Miss Hale, of Philadelphia, asks, "What do you think of this innovation?"

The one he addresses is tall and faultless in form, but with a face too small for her magnificient size, and behind the heavy bevelled glasses are eyes that confuse one at first, one being a blue, and the other an unmistakable brown. At his question those illy assorted oculars gleam like "your teeth on edge," and the thin lips part with an effort as she answers, with a drawl, "I presume that she is passable," whilst under her breath she keeps repeating "Louise Sheridan, was there ever such bad luck? But I must make no sign, but try and avoid her." If Mrs. Souvestre would only not persist in her silly would-be *coup* of parading my poverty-stricken cousin."

Behind the curtain the "poverty-stricken cousin" was arranging her flowers, thinking there was one who did not rob himself for her. She had seen Edgar the moment of her appearance, and noted the scornful air of the woman by his side. And now Mrs. Souvestre is inviting her to come within the sacred precincts of her patrician drawing-room.

Her head goes up with that ominous toss, and she is about to answer she was not engaged for any further exhibition than whilst reading; but poverty's heavy chain drags down her pride, for might she not find favor before those proud dames, and in consequence pay the balance of Mr. John's bill.

With a bright red spot on either cheek, she is bowing and running the gauntlet of the wives and daughters of Toronto's nobility. The old saying of being alone in a crowd is her's, as she stands before them with inimitable grace listening to their mincing praise, and seeing their cold curious stare, whilst her young heart cries for the right to her true place among the highest there.

"Mr. Atheling, a great admirer of elocution," and the tired girl once more bends her head, when she is startled, as also those around at seeing the elegant Mr. Atheling reach out his hand, saying eagerly: "We have met before if Miss Sheridan will only try and remember, with her friend Miss Heatherleigh."

Her mobile face changes at that name, and she gives her hand with a bright, sweet smile, which makes the haughty guests give one in sympathy.

Edgar knows society well, and by his own action and the name of their golden-haired pet, restored the dignity poor Louise thought she had left outside that drawing-room door.

But the indefatigable hostess misses her chief guest, Clarice Hale, and finds her on a side verandah, as it had become too warm for her—which in truth it had on the entrance of the dead Louise's child. There was no escape now, she must submit to the inevitable.

For the first time Louise looked on a relation, but only recognized the supercilious woman who had monopolized Mr. Atheling's attention. Perhaps it was the key-note to the instinctive dislike she took to the same blood as flowed in her own viens. "Hale," and she had heard some one call her Clarice, and as their two heads acknowledged the introduction, their eyes flashed mutual recognition, but not the consequences.

Then Louise's employer signified her dismissal by "the servant will hand your envelope at the side hall."

And again the favorite knight of the drawing proves his manliness by courteously offering his arm to the "side hall."

"Pardon me, Miss Sheridan, but have you anyone to accompany you home?"

"Oh, yes; my escort is lying out under the trees awaiting my pleasure."

He looks rather shocked, expecting something different from *her* escort, and asks coldly, "Shall I tell him you are ready?"

"By no means. I will go on the street and he will jump the fence at my voice."

Her face is partly turned away, and he cannot see her eyes as he ironically compliments the agility of her gentlemanly friend, and then hopefully:

"Your brother cannot have any rheumatic tendency."

"He is not my brother, though very dear to me."

"I presume so," and then she is gone, and he esconced in a gable window, waiting angrily for the signal, "over the garden wall."

"Pluto, Pluto dear old fellow," comes in sweetest of modulations, and over the high fence Mr. Atheling sees a huge black dog spring with a lightness that makes his sarcastic words rebound in an uncomfortable manner.

"Dear Aunt Hannah,"

"What you feared might occur during my visit, has taken place to-night. I have met your neice Louise Sheridan, and know that she saw in me one of her dearly beloved cousins.

"She is apparently as poor as a church mouse, with lots of the O'Kelly pride to comfort her, actually bestowing on me a condescending nod.

"I think I will return home soon lest any evil genius should reveal my relationship with this pauper.

"I do not think we need apprehend any trouble from this girl, but I promised to let you know if I met her.

"Tell mother that I have not time to write her, as I must rest when not engaged."

"CLARICE HALE."

CHAPTER X.

"Neil, what is to be done? Philip is off work, his holidays, though needed, are not welcome, the rent is due, and you ask me to lend you money. O! Neil," and the sister ends up by a little heart broken wail.

"I only want your loan for a few days, Lou, and I will pay you back with compound interest."

"What is it for?"

"Don't be curious, sis, 'tis bad form," and it seemed to the anxious girl, that he turned uneasily away under cover of a light laugh.

"If that be the case, money is too scarce Neil, for not to be able to account for every cent."

"Well, just this time, Louise; I promise you it will be the last."

It was hard to look into the handsome face and say him nay. How she both despised and loved him, and lest the latter feeling triumph, she knew that Philip was the only one he feared. Myles the eldest being absent so much, could afford to be agreeable.

"I will ask Philip if he has any to spare." The shot went home.

"Why need you consult him? He is always interfering."

Louise's face reddened. Since the night of her reading at Mrs. Souvestre she had been wearied out with business and making ends meet, her only help being Philip, old beyond his years, and upon whom she had never lavished the wealth of affection as upon this good looking young scapo-grace. And her voice quivered with indignation as she answered.

"He has the right of one who is clothing you and keeping body and soul together, whilst you are spending as if we were millionaires."

"And are we not in prospective?" She smiled. He had gained his point by his allusion to her illusive prospects.

"It might be as well for you, Neil, if it always remained so."

"No money, sis?" in that soft persuasive voice.

Drawing out her worn little purse, she emptied it into his hand. He counted it, eight ten cent pieces, and kept it. Both left the room, he to wander to the pool-table, she to persuade the mill man to wait another week.

CHAPTER XI.

"The money is ours by right, Mr. Romayne."

"That may be, but to prove it is the difficulty. You had better consult Arthur Karnagh, and if there be any point to work upon, he is the man to do it. You may rely

on him telling at the outset the plain unvarnished truth as to your chances."

"It will be to his interest to do so, as my winning the case will amply repay him."

"Louise, my child, we are very old friends, will you not let me show my confidence in your success by being your banker till then?"

Her face flushed, and he feared he had offended his sensitive companion. But everyone knows the ring of true friendship and she reached her hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Romayne, be assured I value your kindness for I have not so many friends; but 'twas borrowed money ruined my father, and I made a promise to avoid the tempting quicksand," and the brave young voice never faltered, though she knew not where to-morrow's breakfast would come from for the dear ones at home.

"Very well, Louise, I admire your principle though it deprives me of the keen pleasure of being of use to you."

They had reached her door, and as he sauntered slowly back along Toronto's bright, homelike streets, he met the countless thousands of working people returning to their respective homes, after a long day's "earning their bread by the sweat of their brow."

Beverleigh Romayne was a rich man from the day of his birth, his grandfather being one of those United Empire Loyalists, who crossing over to Canada, were granted rich tracts of land for their steadfast allegiance to the mother country.

Unlike Edgar Atheling, who had the deepest sympathy with the laboring masses, Beverleigh viewed them from a romantic inborn good nature. He saw in them only a necessary factor in the great progress of civilization, which should be encouraged rather than crushed; yet, would not turn his really splendid intellect for more than a cursory glance at the question of the day, Capital and Labor. He spent his wealth freely, which perhaps was more beneficial than the frothy talk of apparent enthusiasts. His mind was so turned to the highest note, that with all his thirty-seven years (including a black six moths) that the slightest of coarse touches left its mark.

It is well we meet few like him, for 'tis by rude buffets that our natures are made tough and defiant, able to stand the "ups and downs" of fortune.

Even his friends, the Frazers, who knew every line of his calm face, never guessed at the fierce reign of passion he passed through.

Society stifles the cry of torture in her bursting heart, and it reaches the lips in the guise of a cynical smile (considered fashionable nowadays) or in a passing remark on "Gilbert and Sullivan's latest freak."

And yet there is genuine good feeling in the majority of mankind, who, if they but knew our burning thirst, would reach a flowing cup of cold water. But real sentiment must not be worn on the everyday coat-sleeve, and ere Sunday the deserving depth is gone, and the long chain of human pain joining us to one another, loses the connecting link.

When a mere boy of twenty, Beverleigh's parents forced on him a wife of their choosing, just the opposite of himself. Hard and worldly, and as devoid of womanly feeling as a laughing hyena, with the additional charm of being ten years his senior.

Why is parents desired the marriage was always a mystery to the neighbors. Martha Graham had lived all her life near Beverleigh's parents and themselves accustomed to her company, and knowing her to be thrifty to a penny-weight they decided the match.

He was good-looking and rich, and the wily father and mother made her understand "that he regarded her highly."

Unfortunately Martha heard her youthful "Lord and master" summing up to his father, her not too plentiful charms, and asking "if he were satisfied with the indelibile mark drawn across his bright future cancelling it with one stroke?"

Her narrow groove of mind that never had an object for a centre, conceived a sullen hate for her husband and those who brought the marriage about.

For six months (the honey-moon) she made life unbearable to poor Beverlegh, for his mother was dying with that fell disease typhus fever. But when the peaceful earth received back its own, the father and son with grief in their hearts were sitting in the empty room the crisis came, by the new mistress bidding the two "come and assist her in burning the dead ones clothes as she feared contagion."

Beverlegh answered never a word, but moved with weary steps to the window, where, from afar could be seen a new made grave.

Receiving not even a look she retired with a malicious bang of the door.

The old man crossed over and placed his trembling hand heavily on the young man's broad shoulders.

"Beverleigh, my boy, can you forgive me the great wrong, I your father, have wrought you?"

Still not a word but calm silence, and the feeble voice continued,

"Let us go before she raises two other mounds, out there beyond."

"Very well, father," and taking their hats they passed out.

For years they travelled around the world, that fateful name never once crossing their lips, till the father sometimes wondered if his boy had forgotten.

At last death called for the older man, and as Beverleigh returned from the green plot with two graves side by side, would you blame him if you knew he thought of how death would take those he loved, and leave others behind? He was but human an I tried the very depths of humanity.

After a time he came to Toronto, and in the genial intercourse of friends enjoyed life. He was the polished gentleman that could fill Chesterfield's ideal of "a man of parts," but lacked that black old cynic's estimate of the gentler sex. For despite that one of them was the bane of his life, he had a dear old chivalrous reverence for women, as something, when true to her sex, as "little lower than the angels."

No wonder that his finely-strung nature recognized in Louise Sheridan, one that could satisfy that craving, existing in every man and woman, for another outside of themselves.

The inconceivable measure of human affection, transmitted from our first parents, who "loved not wisely but too well," often lives eating the very tendrils of our hearts, for want of transplanting into one other being, the only one for us among the swarming universe.

But Beverleigh Romayne was a Christian as well as a man of honor, and strove to remember "that what God has joined together let no man put asunder," and that he must be true to that command even in the secret recesses of his heart.

CHAPTER XII.

With little Pat by the hand, Louise betook herself to Arthur Karnagh's office on Toronto street, with its immense towering buildings, where the great mercantile business of Ontario is chiefly transacted. It is another 'Wall Street,' no one seen on it but live business men, whose faces seem to harden with the ring of their footsteps on the stone pavement.

After considerable turnings, which so bewilder a woman unsophisticated in such regions, Louise found "A. Karnagh, Barrister Solicitor and so forth."

As she awaited her turn, an angry scene was taking place in the private room. The door swung open as a man came hastily out with brows drawn, followed by a meek-faced woman, evidently his wife.

He was a client worth a hundred dollars per month to Karnagh, and on the day previous had called, stating that he wanted his wife to sign away her title to a property wished to turn to a purpose of his own. Of course his solicitors could so explain that she would be no wiser by that explanation Mr. Karnagh agreed, for are not lawyers consciences somewhat elastic?

Mr. Z. and the wife of his bosom arrived at the appointed time, and after a few leading questions, to draw out the extent of the woman's ignorance of the matter, Arthur, in a clear, concise form, laid bare to the astounded wife her husband's real intentions, then opening the door ordered him to "be gone and never pollute even a law office with his contemptible presence."

Louise entered and took the woman's vacated chair with her tale of wrong.

Mr. Karnagh was soon plying his questions and then read her a synopsis of her case.

"Your uncle, Nicholas O'Kelly, was murdered by Indians in the Black Hills, so that kills at the same stroke our plea of undue influence if he made a will; but your uncle's solicitor states that Nicholas O'Kelly died intestate, leaving twenty hundred thousand dollars, that his two sisters, Hannah and Sarah, inherited it, your mother being dead previous to his decease, barring out her children as being alien to American soil, and therefore could not inherit it."

You maintain that two of you, yourself and your brother Neil were born on American ground, your mother having fortunately formed a wish to visit her former home in Philadelphia."

"It may take some time, Miss Sheridan, but I will take proceedings at once and will inform you from time to time how I am progressing."

"Mr. M," in answer to her query of the retaining fee, "our pleasant evenings spent at 'Alloway' supply that," and the cast iron old lawyer went down like other men before beauty in its first sweet flush.

Leaving the business portion of the city, Louise and her little brother wandered on, followed by the ubiquitous Pluto till they reached Queen's Park Avenue, with its magnificent arching of chestnut trees mixed here and there with primeval maples. Many a foot-sore and weary pedestrian has turned with a sigh of relief into its shady coolness.

Moving slowly upward to prolong the invigorating fresh air to the child, Louise perceived in the distance a band of "fair ladies and gay hussars" riding merrily along as if the world were one sound of pleasure.

As they drew near, her name was cried out in Zita Heatherleigh's bright voice as with a graceful movement she reined in her horse. "Why Louise where have you been this long time, I have been wishing to see you so much?" confirming it, by bending down and girl fashion kissing her humble friend regardless of her other "kind," who were intently interested in the young girl with the thread bare dress, standing with a golden-haired child and Newfoundland dog, receiving a caress from lips that no long since had been pressed to those of a royal princess.

"And Pat, you little darling." Louise stooped to raise him for his share of the sweets when she was anticipated by Edgar Atheling who swung himself lightly to the ground and lifting the astonished child, seated him on the big dog, saying:

"Pluto, old boy, you make an excellent escort;" and seeming satisfied with his diplomacy as he caught the shily amused glance of Pluto's mistress.

Some one else too, saw it, and Miss Hale whispered in an audible tone to a lady near, "Did you ever hear such a name, Pat, but there is no accounting for the taste of the low Irish," and her off blue eye reflected green rays on the brown one.

Zita turned on her saddle and replied: "Miss Hale, you force me to think 'tis your English element prompted so rude a remark of my friend, and I as possessing the name offer her due apology."

A murmur of approval met the spirited rebuke, but the offender only drew up her splendid figure more scornfully; yet, Edgar noticed the pricking of her horse to conceal her inward rage.

A moment more and they had passed, leaving the girl with still another jagged thorn to rankle, and then fester in her heart.

For at the sound of Zita's dear voice, and the sight of another face, her woman's nature asserted itself, and the warm young blood coursed strangely quick through her veins, and, throwing all care aside, declared its power. It seemed all the harder to crush as she saw Zita as if destined by nature to ride forever by his side; even the hated cousin held a more likely chance by her usurpation.

Three times she had met Edgar Atheling, and at each one was humiliated in his presence. She knew it was weak for her to care for a strange man's opinion whom she might never cross again, and the delicate face that paled as the driven snow at the insulting words of her cousin, now burned to the very bone, at the thought of only pity where she wanted the deep respectful love of an equal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Woman's Heroism.

A remarkable exhibition of nerve and will power was made by Amelia B. Edwards, the English novelist, in her recent lecture tour in the United States. While at Columbus, O., she fell down a flight of stairs, breaking her left arm above the wrist. Three hours after the accident she was in her place on the platform, and gave her lecture, occupying two hours in the delivery. She then traveled all night, and the following evening at Pittsburg, Pa., though suffering very severely, going next day to Philadelphia, where she lectured for the third time within 52 hours after receiving her injuries, having in the meantime traveled some seven or eight hundred miles. Yet Dr. Edwards belongs to the *weaker* sex!

French Sofa Pillow.

This will require twenty inches square of wine-colored silk plush. Have a conventional design stamped upon it, and work in three shades of green rope-silk.

Take for bottom of pillow, plush the same as for top, and join together with a puffing of surah silk, three inches wide, to match the lightest shade of rope-silk; underneath this put a piece of firm lining, two inches wide, so as to remove all pressure from the puffing. Another way to finish is to work eyelet-holes an inch and a-half apart in the plush, and lace together over the puffing with wine-colored cord. Either of these make a handsome sofa pillow.

Connubial Bliss and Bacon.

For 100 years the Abbots of St. Melaine, in Bretagne, bestowed a flitch of bacon as a prize for connubial contentment, and at the Abbey of Weir hung a flitch of bacon with the following lines:

"Is there to be found a married man
That in veritie declare can
That his marriage him doth not rue,
That he has no fear of his wife for a shrew,
He may this bacon for himself down hew."

Almost equally historic with the Dunmow flitch—though the records of it have not been kept—was the Whichenovre flitch. Sir Philip de Somerville held the Manor of Whichenovre, or, as it is given in all old documents, "Whichenour," from the Earls of Lancaster, half the fees to be remitted, as well as half the fines, on condition that he kept a flitch of bacon in his hall at all times—Lent alone excepted—ready for delivery to every man or woman married, after a year and a day of the marriage be passed, and to be given to every man of religion, Archbishop, Prior, or other religious; and to every priest after the year and day of their probation finished, or of their dignity received. There is not the least doubt, I believe, that either this was copied from Dunmow or that Dunmow was copied from this; but which is the oldest none of the custom it is impossible to say.

From an old number of the *Spectator*, Dr. Plott's "History of Staffordshire," and other sources, it appears that Sir Philip Somerville held the Manors of Whichenovre Seiresect, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowlee, all in the County of Stafford, of the Earls of Lancaster, by this memorable service. "The said Philip shall find, maintain, and sustain one bacon flitch hanging in his hall at Whichenovre, ready arrayed at all times of the year but in Lent, to be given to every man or woman married, after the day and the year of their marriage be past in form following:

"Whensoever that any one such 'efore married will come to inquire for the bacon, in their own person, they shall come to the Bailiff or the Porter of the Lordship of Whichenovre, and shall say to them in manner as ensueth: 'Bailiff [or Porter,] I do you to know that I am come for myself to demand one Bacon Flyke hanging in the hall of the Lord of the Manor of Whichenour, after the form thereunto belonging.'"

The Claims of Love and Lucre.

The instances are very rare in which two strong will scan harmonize in close companionship.

Most young women study the character of men but little, because they have but little opportunity.

A brilliant match, in the eyes of the world atones for low morals, uncongenial tastes, and lukewarm hearts.

A woman possessing the best elements of womanhood cannot be happy with a man who has not a sound character.

It is hard to examine character, and profit by the study, after the heart has become the seat of an absorbing passion.

Wealth in hand, without business habits, business tastes, and business interests, is the most unreliable thing in the world.

"Love in a cottage!" is laughed at by very "judicious people," but it is a very sweet thing by the side of indifference in a palace.

Good business habits, good character, enterprise, ambition—all these combined—are almost sure to secure competence and success.

There is nothing more disgusting in all the world than that mercenary tie which, under the name of marriage, binds a woman to the bosom of one who bought her with his money.

Match-Safe.

A very ornamental match-safe to suspend from bottom of hanging-lamp, can be made in the following way:

Take a small basket, about four or five inches in diameter and two inches high; gild the outside, and when perfectly dry, line with colored silk, having lining full enough to have the edge slightly shirred.

Now, take about ten or twelve pieces of narrow ribbon, each being four inches long, and of a different color, and fasten at equal distances around top of basket, firmly attaching ends between it and the lining.

To the free end of one ribbon, sew a little bell, to another a tipy teakettle, to a third a banjo, etc.

These ornaments are not larger than a ten-cent piece and are inexpensive.

The basket can be fastened to bottom of lamp by sewing two ribbons to top of basket one on each side, and tieing to lamp.

Make one and see how pretty it is.

Ladies' Journal,

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, FASHION, ETC.

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Any pattern illustrated in these pages can be obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 59 to 65 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order

REVIEW OF FASHION.

A glimpse into the future, as regards the Fall styles, will doubtless be of interest and profit to our readers, who wish to have an idea of the designs and materials to be in vogue, long before they begin shopping for the coming season. As "Fashion is a fickle jade," she may change in many respects between July and October, but the main ideas will doubtless be as we now give them.

We have gleaned from the best European and American sources our forecast, which is made with a knowledge of the tastes and needs of the American women, who do not accept French or English styles without many original modifications. In the way of colors, brown, tan, mode, gray, clear dark blue, deep rich red, a more purplish heliotrope, and old-rose having an almost brownish-lavender cast, are seen in every material. A new brown of a fawnish or castor tint bids fair to be exceedingly rare and stylish. Cream of a very deep shade, pearl gray, ecru, lavender, faint rose-pink, ice blue, and yellow are the chief evening tints.

The black note appears everywhere. Astrakhan, fur, and velvet trimmings and garments will please our luxury-loving tastes. Ostrich feather bands will trim expensive woolen gowns. Scarf effects, or fronts of contrasting goods are among the French novelties, while borders are buried too deep to appear for a time. Rough effects are stylish, and one shall see checks and plaids, both in tartan and novelty mixtures, from a quarter of an inch to fifteen inches square. Expensive woolen goods must present the appearance of a heavy, coarse material, while serges and cashmere cannot be too fine.

Velvet and silk sleeves relieve any and all costumes from monotony. Combination dress patterns and elegant "robes" show most exquisite embroidery, and grading of shades. That high sleeves will be worn seems a settled fact, though they will not probably scrape as far skyward as many now seen. Flaring collars are advocated by designers for cloaks, jackets, and basques. Fur and cloth shoulder capes will take on a new lease of life. Cloaks that are long, with large hanging or coat-sleeves full at the top, and lapped fronts in Russian style, ulsters having capes, and close-fitting jackets are duly announced.

Tinsel, galloon, passementerie and ribbon velvet, silk embroideries, some fringes, and fine jet passementerie, crochet and metal buttons, and large and small buckles are offered for trimmings. Bodice designs show pointed and rounded fronts, drapery over the chest, invisible and visible openings, fancy belts, girdles, and corselets, long and short coat-tail backs, darts and no darts, fewer jacket effects, and some plainly buttoned models for the heavy, rough fabrics. Skirts have long effects, slight pannier draperies, a contrasting facing to show when lifting one side, many flat fronts of a most elaborately trimmed scarf-piece, and long drapes lapped to one side. Carriage dresses will drag, but the fashion will not obtain for walking dresses. A frivolous effect is not encouraged in materials, or designs of making. In millinery, feathers and velvet will be the prominent features.

To come down to current events, white embroidered muslin and flannel blouses are made with a pointed yoke, rolling-collar, shirred sleeves, and the body portion laid in knife-pleats, with a drawing-string in the hem, which holds it to the figure. Muslin waists have the seams joined under a row of beading, which gives a pretty and neat finish. One white lawn waist is slightly V-shaped, back and front, with a fullness gathered around the point of the V, and again at the waist-line, with a row of edging turned over around the neck. Dotted linen lawn waists are shirred at the centre of the waist line, front and back, made long enough to tuck below the belt, with rolled collar and cuffs buttonholed in scallops with silk, the color of the figures. Others have the same collar and cuffs, and are tucked, back and front.

The latest gingham gowns have appeared with a flat front, triple pleated sides, and gathered back, cut on the bias, and hemmed as described in "Home Dressmaking." The basque has a round or pointed front, coat-tail back, and full sleeves, with pearl buttons sewing through on the front, sleeves, and coat-tail. Light-colored ginghams, trimmed with velvet ribbon seem out of place, but they are as much worn as those decorated with embroidery.

A white India, figured with heliotrope, has a slightly gathered front, one large box-pleat on each side, and a triple-pleated back. The bodice opens on the left, with the front full at the point, and draped like a jabot at the neck; the skirt fastens up over the back with two velvet rosettes. The very large leg-o'-mutton sleeves, and Medici collar are of heliotrope faille.

Handsome silk costumes for elderly ladies are of faille, or peau de soie, with a vest, and narrow fan-pleated front of green, Suede, or white silk, or mousseline de chiffon; a little fine jet trimming appears on the collar and sleeves. A black lace toilette has a gathered ruffle set on the skirt edge across the front; the "drop" skirt is five yards wide, and ends on the left in a jabot, which shortens it to show the narrow ruffle. The pointed bodice is shirred at the waist-line in the back, is full from the shoulders, and lapped in front, with a frill of lace down the edge. A ribbon around the basque edge ends under a rosette at the left side. A similar rosette and ribbon trims the collar and wrists; the sleeves are of the shirt shape.

A white crepon has a wide facing in front of white surah laid in knife-pleats, which shows under the draped apron, long on the left, and forming a short jabot on the right side, with box-pleats in the back. The crepon sleeves are of the "gauntlet" shape, having shoulder puffs of silk, which also forms the collar, and deep pleated yoke. The "habit" back is trimmed with white silk buttons, and the fronts are full from the arm-sizes, lapped, and finished with a long pearl buckle holding the lapped end.

There is a fancy for lining all thin white or light-colored woolen gowns with silk, but, unless transparent, sateen will answer as well, with less cost. Figured and plaid veilings are frequently made up bias, with the material pulled in shape over the bodice, fulled in at the arm-sizes, and draped above the bust in crosswise folds that are becoming to a slender figure. The sleeves and collar are of plain-colored silk, matching the lace corselet from the side-seams. The skirt has a fan-pleated back, and nearly plain front and sides over a frill of the silk on the lining-skirt edge.

Superfluous hair, birth-marks, moles and all facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis. Dr. Foster, Electrician, 133 Church Street, Toronto.

History of Mrs. Mackay.

Louise Hungerford, with a younger sister who is now the Countess of Telfener, the wife of an Italian count, left New York when about 12 years old. John Hungerford was a journeyman barber in New York, but enlisted in the Mexican war; later he was employed at his trade by one George W. Ciprico, whose shop in San Francisco was known as "Montgomery Baths," and the chair that John Hungerford used is pointed out to the customers of the Ciprico barber shop to this day. Mr. Ciprico advanced $500 in gold to his employee, who immediately sent for his daughters. When Louise Hungerford and her sister arrived in San Francisco they went to the house of Mr. Ciprico, who took them into his family, they being nearly the same age as his own daughters. Here they were treated as members of the family, being taught Italian and French and music by the daughters. They lived with their benefactors six or seven years.

In 1865 Hungerford opened a barber shop on his own account at Mokelumne Hill Cal., and Lousie, who was then about 19 years old, acted as her father's housekeeper—they having one room in the rear of the shop. He was proprietor of but short duration, for he soon "busted" up in business. During this period a Dr. Bryant, who kept a small drug store at Nevada City, about 100 miles from Mokelumne Hill, paid attention to Louise, and she was married to him after a short courtship. Dr. Bryant, being a man of dissolute habits, died two or three years afterward of delirium tremens, leaving Mrs. Bryant no means of support for herself and daughter Eva, now the Princess Colonna. Her father's failure in business and her husband's death compelled her to seek service in the family of J. W. Walker, brother of the late ex-Gov. Walker of Virgina, and there she met for the first time J. W. Mackay, superintendent of the Bullion mine at Virgina City, Nev. Lousie Bryant, for a brief time previous to her going into the service of Mr. Walker, had tried a hand at keeping a boarding house for the miners.

Mr. Mackay was comfortably fixed and could provide her a home, such as the miners used in those days, simply a cabin of two rooms. So he courted and won the widow Bryant. Her father in the mean time had gone back to his former "boss" and procured employment and helped to pay the youngest daughters board. Mrs. Mackay was cook and general housekeeper and laundrywoman, and helped entertain her husband's co-workers in the mines.

Mr. Mackay soon after attained great wealth, and Mrs. Mackay and her sister had the advantage of a good common school education and could speak fluently Italian and French, through the association of the Ciprico family, who were remarkably well educated; three of the daughters of Mr. Ciprico are school teachers in San Francisco to-day. When Mrs. Mackay, her daughter Eva, and her sister went abroad, it was to get away from her former associates. When she returned for the first time to San Francisco she called upon the Ciprico girls, but from that day to the present she has ignored her former teachers and benefactors.

The people of San Francisco who know the facts as above stated are indignant at Mrs. John W. Mackay's ingratitude to a family that had done so much for her in her early days of poverty and somewhat adventuresome life.

John Hungerford—now known as Col. Hungerford of the United States army—was formerly known as "Jack Hungerford, the barber." He was a good artist and there is no disgrace attached to his business. Louise earned her daily bread as a boarding-house keeper. But the worst of ingratitude comes in to those who took care of her and gave her the advantages of an early education. This we think the worst of crimes.

The above is a true history of the Bonanza Queen of European society

How to Lace a Corset.

"If lace you must," said a handsome and smart actress "use three sets of laces in your corsets, one starting at the top and ending two or three holes above the waist line of the corsets, to tie there; the second starting at the lower edge of the corsets, extending up to two or three holes below the waist line of the corsets, to tie there; the third lacing the space left between, and tying just at the waist line. Then, reducing the size of your waist—that is, pulling the middle cord—isn't going to drag you into a straight line above and below the waist. Also, you will wear your corsets, even though tight, with more comfort.

"There is a place—isn't there, dear doctors?—just about at the waist line, that I think God must have left, knowing that we would lace, kill or no kill, where pressure can come without tying our necessary and indispensable viscera into hard knots. By the suggested arrangement of cords we can reduce the size of the waist with less violent offence to heart and lungs, and also without sacrificing entirely harmony of outline. Just make beauty and hygiene clasp hands practically—every woman knows what I mean by practically—and we will rejoice more than the doctors. Oh! Right here I might as well suggest elastic cord for the upper and lower strings; and even for the one at the waist, if you dare. You will thereby gain a suppleness in movement and pose which is worth striving for, but which we cannot all of us take off our stays to obtain, as does the serpentine Sarah. Elastic corset lacings, as I suggest, will at least prevent our looking as if we were padlocked into a board fence when we recline in an easy chair—say like Langtry with a cigarette in one of her "As in a Looking Glass' pictures."

Children.

What would the world do without them? It would grow sour and ugly and crabbed and dismal and grouty, and finally die of old age and hypochondria. Take all the children out of the world and what would become of the smiles and shouts and grins and giggles that do so much towards making life enjoyable? Smiles would blacken into frowns, shouts into groans, grins into sobs, and giggles into snivels. Banish the youngsters from our midst, and the rosy-cheeked apples would rot in the bin, the pop-corn grow soiled and repulsive, and candy crumble to pieces and its gaudy colours fade away, the peanuts wither in their shells, and the raspberry jam sleep on in mouldy forgetfulness of its surroundings, while the scones and cookies and angel cake would grow dry and leathery, and become food for the rats and sparrows. With no children on whom to exercise their powers, what would become of the measles, whooping cough, chicken-pox, mumps, hives and shingles that now do so much to enliven the world and make existence bearable? They would struggle on for a time, trying to get in their work on the thin-skinned, tobacco, coffee, and whisky soaked systems of the adult population, until, discouraged and disheartened, they would, like the legion of unclean spirits when cast out of the demoniac Gadarene, take refuge in a drove of swine and use them as a means of suicide by running them off into the sea and perishing with them in a watery grave. Without children our schoolhouses would be turned into jails, and our churches into insane asylums, wickedness would stalk like a giant through the land, and rum flow in torrents everywhere. Hurrah for the children! They are the fire that thaws out the heart of the cold and selfish world, and sends its warm blood coursing through its veins. They are leaven which, being deposited in the world's great flour barrel, keeps the whole batch stirred up from centre to circumference. They are as salt in the potatoes, as a mouse in a sewing society, as a spark in a magazine of powder, as oil on the troubled waters, as tears to the overwrought heart, as a benediction after prayer, as a poultice on a carbuncle, or roast beef and mashed potatoes to a hungry man.

German Girlhood.

Girls in Germany are simple in their tastes and habits, hardworking, rather serious. Frivolity among them is still quite an exception, but of course it exists. Attractiveness is not their prevailing characteristic. Partly because they are shy, partly also because habits of self control and renunciation, early acquired and steadily followed, do not always make it easy to sacrifice to the graces, particularly in a country where the art of conversation is not cultivated. Their powers of acquisition seem greater than their creative power. Both in literature and in art no German girl has ever produced anything first-rate; no German novelist has equalled one of the second-rate female novelists of England. In regard to poetry, an exception, however, must be made. Annette von Droste Hulshoff has produced works which, for depth of thought and beauty of form, rank with the best lyrics ever produced in the German tongue. She has had distinguished followers. Betty Paoli, Emilie Ringseis, and others have written beautiful lyric poetry. Still the purely intellectual work achieved by the German girl might have been left undone without considerable loss. What the country will never be able to spare is the self sacrifice and the loving obedience with which she silently shapes the national life.

Why don't the buglarajo in in the movement for shorter hours? One of them was recently caught fast asleep under a bed, and he explained to the officers that he had been up so continuously for several nights in succession, laboring at his profession, that sleep overcame him while lying there waiting to get quiet.

A HOSIERY ROMANCE.

That hot spell in June decided me upon an early vacation this year. I had found Chicago insufferable, so had packed my grip and had come at night to one of the hotels at a popular Wisconsin summer resort. I had been given a pleasant room and good bed; so good a bed, in fact, that it was quite 9 o'clock when I awoke on the following morning.

My first impression on awaking was that either the walls were very thin or my hearing was very acute for I couldn't help hearing this bit of dialogue in the next room, although it was spoken in rather low tones:

"Look at that provoking hole in my stocking, Nan. I never noticed it until I got it on."

"Pshaw, never mind! That is such a little hole. Don't stop to change it now; the girls are waiting."

"But I just know I'll get my leg broken, or something. I've a regular presentiment."

"Belle Brice, you *are* the fussiest thing. I have heard you say that every time you have ever started out with anything wrong with your clothes. Nothing has ever happened yet—do hurry up."

There was a rustling, and a scurrying, and a scamper down the hall and all was quiet.

I got out of bed, stretched myself, yawned, dressed leisurely, and went down to breakfast. Afterward I strolled into the bowling-alley and lounged about the piazzas, but found it awfully dull. "Snowball," who was the blackest urchin who ever ran an errand, evidently noticed that I was bored, for he said: "Law, mistah, yo' ought to get up in time for one of dem walkin' pahties; eve'ybody has gone walkin' up de hills—makes 'em hungry, dey says. Guess it do, for de way dey eats is a fright."

I thanked Snowball for his suggestion and took a narrow path leading up the nearest hill. The way wound through woods and brush, now following the road, now crossing it, then wandering away out of sight of it. On I tramped over fern and brake, drawing deep breaths of the sweet air, scented with mint and pennyroyal as the fragrant herbs were crushed under my feet. Sometimes a rabbit or a squirrel scampered across my path, but there were no other signs of life or motion.

The path led away from the road now deeper into the woods, and I hesitated, pondering whether to follow it further or to turn and go back by the road. "This path looks dreadfully lonesome," thought I, peering into the shade, when I caught sight of something that decided my taking the path by all means. A girl was sitting on the green turf not more than thirty rods from me.

As I approached her she looked up as if about to address me, and as I raised my hat she said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but will you please help me to rise? I believe that I have hurt my ankle. I started out with a walking party, and a little further on I decided to return to the hotel, and sent them on. My foot turned on that stone there and I slipped and fell and was unable to rise. I have waited for some one to pass—there are usually lots of people going through here—but no one has been by. I tried to call some people on the road, but couldn't make them hear. I have been here an hour or more, I believe."

Now, a woman in distress appeals always to a man's heart, but when the woman is a pretty blonde in a bewitching wide hat and a deliciously cool-looking gown, and the distress is a turned ankle, somehow the appeal is wonderfully strong.

I helped her to her feet, but the ankle gave way again, and would not support her weight, and she sat down with a very woful face.

"That shoe must be taken off immediately, and I will get water from the brook and bandage the ankle," said I authoritatively.

"Are you a doctor?" asked she weakly, for the pain was making her faint.

"No, but I have a friend who is an interne in the Cook county hospital, and I have been with him a lot, and I know something about sprains and bruises," I answered.

"Well, if you must—" and her face crimsoned as I unbuttoned the pretty little boot. I slipped it off quickly. There in the black stocking was a tiny hole, through which a bit of the little pink toe peeped saucily.

"Belle Brice," thought I. "And her presentiment has come true this time."

I brought water from the brook in my hat and bathed the swollen ankle, and then wound my handkerchief tightly around it. "Now, if you will be so kind as to go to the hotel and tell them to send up my cart by the carriage road. I think that I can get to it someway," said she before I had even formed a plan as for getting her back.

"Certainly," hesitatingly. "You are—Miss Brice, are you not?"

"No. How stupid of me not to give you my name. Ask for Miss Cameron's cart, please. What made you think that I was Miss Brice?"

It was my turn to redden now. "Oh, nothing—I—er—that is," said I, stammering some senseless reason, and I started for the cart, mentally kicking myself all the way.

I had the cart brought up and then I helped her to the road. I insisted that she should lean upon me and go very slowly so we were rather a long time about it. We got to the hotel just as her party returned from their walk. They were full of regrets that they had gone on without her (which regrets I did not at all share) and were overwhelmed with admiration for her coolness and with sympathy (which I did share heartily).

Among the party I found several people whom I had met, and Miss Cameron and I found that we had many mutual friends; so we had plenty to talk about during the next few days while she was keeping quiet and resting her ankle. Her case did not prove at all serious, but mine did, and of course you have guessed that I fell in love with her, and proposed to her within a month. She accepted me or I should never be telling this; and let me mention that among other friends that we made we got well acquainted with Miss Brice. Indeed, she and my Dorothy are inseparable. One day Dorothy asked me curiosly if I had ever known Belle Brice before anywhere.

"Never," said I. "Well I it's so funny," she mused. "I never could understand why you took me for her that day in the woods," so I told her why.

Health cannot be maintained without good digestion. Try Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum as an effectual remedy for indigestion. Sold by all druggists and confectioners everywhere. 5 cents.

FIG. 28.—No. 4085.—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of material (21 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 2¾ yards; 34, 36 inches, 4 yards; 38, 40 inches 4¼ yards.

Quantity of material (42 inches wide) for 30, 32 inches, 1¾ yards; 34, 36 inches, 2 yards; 38, 40 inches, 2¼ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 1¼ yards of 42-inch material and 1¾ yards of 18-inch velvet will be required for the medium size.

No. 4085.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT. PRICE 30 CENTS.

This design cuts from 22 to 32 inches waist measure, and the quantity of material required for each size, of 21-inch goods, 7¾ yards, or 42-inch goods, 3¾ yards. If made of materials illustrated, 3¼ yards of 42-inch material, 1¼ yards of 18 inch velvet, and 2¼ yards of ribbon will be required for each size.

Plaid woolen goods, cut on the bias, and velvet, are stylishly shown on this figure, the basque forming Pattern No. 4085, price 25 cents. It opens in the back, is without darts, having the fullness in tiny pleats, has a slightly V-shaped neck, and a deep point, front and back, which is outlined with velvet to match the high sleeves, and pointed collar. The skirt is from Pattern No. 4086, price 30 cents, and has a narrow panel of velvet on the left side, over which hangs a sash end and loop of the plaid. The back is pleated, and falls in an Arab fold down the centre, with the front "broken" by several pleats at the top. The lining skirt is shaped as usual.

Predictions for the Fall.

It is predicted that the loose-skirted gown will disappear with the autumn foliage and that it will be replaced by the costume fourreau, which is fast encroaching upon those with flowing draperies and kilted skirts. The fourreau toilet should mold the figure as perfectly as a suede glove and are abominations if not fashioned by the deft fingers of a first-class costumer; the curves of the figure must be outlined to a nicety and a plait or seam which does not fall in just the right place will ruin the whole effect of an otherwise handsome gown.

The dressmakers are haunting the picture-galleries in order to study the cut, and coloring of the severe gowns worn by medieval chatelaines. The most stylish of these gowns are cut en princesse, a few plaits holding the fulness at the back in place, the fronts either being quite plain or relieved by a flat garniture of mental passementerie, sometimes encrusted with mock jewels; the necks are cut so as to reveal the throat, which is clasped by a collar of gold or byzantine silver of curious workmanship.

The cuirass basque, which encased one like a vise, is threatened with a revival; this, in common with the fourreau, is liked by women with rather redundant charms, and who desire at least a semblance of slimness.

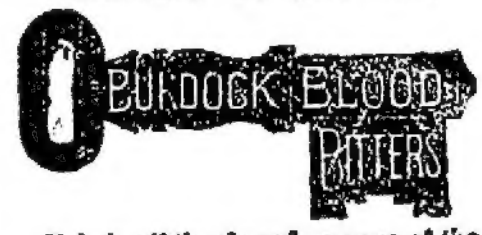
In order to impart a becoming fulness to the back of these straight and clinging skirts, the under petticoat of taffet raye has a deep flounce around the feet, while several narrower ones are placed up the back to form a support of the scanty folds of the gown.

Brocades with patterns of abominably large roses or those powdered with the dainty jardiniere bouquets in quaint colorings are used for this style of dress. Old rose, forget-me-not blue, and the favorite colors of summer toilets and the lovely tones are most effective in the crinkly crepons, the crisp organdies, the dreamy chiffon gauze and more substantial grenadines. The Duchess de R. appeared recently in an exquisite toilet, the material of which had been imported from one of the East Indian provinces. The silk foundation was of a green as faint as that of an aqua marine; over this were filmy, floating draperies, of which Decca muslin almost as light and fine as a cobweb and wrought in a barbaric tracery of golden threads, with here and there the irridescent wing of a beetle and grotesque devices of birds and insects. The girdle and ornaments of the bodice were of heavier gold in the open-work pattern, which is a favorite with the native Indian goldsmith. Amid the dusky hair, imprisoned in bags of thinnest gauze, were several Brazilian fire-flies, the light from whose wings appeared like tiny lanterns illuminating a thunder cloud.

Women of fashion exhibit an unparalleled bizarrerie in their toilettes, and nothing is too strange or outre for the volatile Parisiennes, who flit like brilliant butterflies from a seaside town to a German spa, or to the cool shores of some fashionable English watering place. One of the most poetic colors of the season is conch-shell pink shot with opalescent gleams of amethyst; it is seen to best advantage in the changeable taffetas, which are so lovely by artifical light; some of these exhibit the various hues of a wood-pigeon's throat, while others have a suggestion of shifting sunsets and roseate dawns veiled by the mists of early morning.

MERIT APPRECIATED.—Adams Tutti Frutti Gum is entitled to especial praise and recognition. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 5 cents.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

For Sale by all Dealers.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

—*For Ladies' Journal.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"I just hate you, Jack Martin, now then! I wouldn't marry you after that if you went down on your knees to beg me to, and were a millionaire into the bargain!" Miss Lou's black eyes flashed ominously.

What called forth this tirade was, that during their drive the said Jack had proposed to her in most impassioned language. And when she coolly informed him, that she was afraid she did not care for him enough to marry him; in fact she knew she did not; he told her most emphatically that she was a "flirt," and a "coquette through and through."

There was just a grain of truth in this statement which made it sting worse than it would had she been perfectly innocent of the charge.

Strange to say, when the young man had relieved his mind by this mild remark, he suddenly seemed to become quite amiable, therefore, had the advantage of Lou, who stormed away as if sure this was the last chance she would ever have of giving him a piece of her mind."

"Come, Lou, let us change the subject; I am sure I bear you no ill will, although you have just blighted my hopes," said Jack with a smile which it is well for him Lou did not see.

"Ill will, indeed!" repeated Lou scornfully; "I suppose now you have said something hateful, you feel quite virtuous and happy!"

"Oh, no! not at all," said Jack, "but you know there is no use 'crying over spilt milk,' and since you hate me, of course there is nothing more to be said on that subject."

Now, considering what excellent friends these two had been for so long, it did seem strange that after accepting so many attentions from the young gentleman, Lou should at last reject him. Do not fancy that Jack was utterly disheartened, far from it; for when he reflected that "faint heart never won fair lady," he resolved to try again at some future time. And being a very determined young man, he meant to succeed.

At length they reached Lou's elegant home, and Jack, with all politeness assisted Lou to alight, she never deigning him a glance.

"Good-night," she said curtly, as she ran up the steps.

"Good-night, Miss Elliott," Jack meekly said, yet with emphasis on the name, as she vanished.

What did our heroine do on entering the house? She at once went to her own room, and dropping into a cosey little rocker, made some very rash vows.

"Flirt, indeed! she would show him that she *could* flirt, and to some purpose too; for she would marry the first man who asked her, if only to spite him for his hateful speeches," she told herself in her wrath.

Yes, she would lead that young Jackson on. She knew Jack despised him, then perhaps he would repent and apologize for his rudeness. She would not treat him as a friend again until he did. Then the reaction set in, and she indulged in that woman's luxury "a good cry."

Not long after this, Lou's particular friend, Nellie La Page, planned for a pic-nic, the invitations to be sent to the select few, so there would be no uncongenial spirits to mar the day's fun.

"Of course," said Nellie, when talking it over with Lou, "we must have Jack Martin. He is such a nice, jolly fellow: and we all know that considering what young lady is to be there, he will accept with pleasure." But she was not prepared to see Lou blush in the most guilty manner, as they were in the habit of poking fun at her, which she always took in good part.

"And I suppose," continued Nellie, "we must have Ned Jackson, although I, for one, don't care much for him. But his sister is nice, so we'll have to ask him, too."

At last the girls had their list of invitations made out to their satisfaction. About thirty merry young people had been asked; and they felt sure of a good time if the weather was fine.

The picnic day dawned, fine and clear, much to the girls' relief. But Lou assisted Bridget in packing cakes and cutting sandwiches with a very thoughtful face. The truth is, she was wondering if the truant Jack would be humble and ask forgiveness; and if he did, whether she should grant it graciously, or torment him a little. And if he did *not*, she made up her mind to flirt with anyone.

Each gentleman was to drive a lady to the picnic grounds; but no invitation came from Jack. One did come, however, from the despised Mr. Jackson, which Lou accepted with her best grace. Whatever she really felt she seemed delighted. As she stood on the verandah, in her pale blue dress, with its puffed sleeves, and her great white sun hat, drawing on her long black gloves, her escort was quite excusable in thinking she made a very charming picture. As they drove along, he thought he must have been mistaken in thinking that she did not like him, for no one could have been more friendly than she. Already the black eyes and coquettish smiles were making havoc of the young man's heart.

The day was pleasant, and every one seemed to enjoy themselves immensely, especially Lou, who was liberal with her smiles in every quarter. Jack, too, appeared very happy, and was exceedingly attentive to a petite blonde, who was the guest of one of the ladies, and a stranger to Lou.

There was an abundance of games—tennis croquet, etc., in which every one joined with great zeal. When tired of these, there were swings and hammocks in which to rest and enjoy a tete-a-tete under the trees.

Early in the evening the picnicers set out for home, seemingly well pleased with the days' outing.

Poor little Lou! she felt far from triumphant or happy that night, as she thought over the events of the day. True she had made a conquest, but what had it availed her? She felt some remorse when she considered her treatment of her inoffensive dupe. And with all her efforts she had not brought the erring Jack to repentance. Moreover, he had seemed quite happy with that hateful little doll, with her golden hair, and baby face which looked as if she had but one idea in her head, and that, to make herself look as pretty as possible.

The days went by, but no word came from Jack. So Lou continued to be sweetness itself to poor Mr. Jackson; much to that gentleman's delight. But some way she was not happy, although she tried to make people believe she was. Her merriment was rather forced. If Jack would only show that he was sorry for his rudeness, she would be his friend once more, although, of course, she would not dream of being anything nearer or dearer.

All this time Jack was not nearly as unhappy as Lou: for he had a suspicion of what her real feelings were, and concluded that a little suspense would be good for her, and bring her into a state of submission and meekness.

One evening, three weeks after the picnic, Jack did call; and asked for Miss Elliott. When Lou appeared expecting to find a very penitent caller, she was surprised and disappointed to be coolly greeted as *Miss Elliott*.

After talking of indifferent matters for some time Jack said,

"I called, Miss Elliott, to congratulate you on your engagement to Mr. Jackson." Hypocrite that he was! He did not believe that she was engaged, but thought this a good way to bring her to time

Instead of answering this speech, after casting one reproachful look at him, Lou hid her face in the sofa pillow and burst into tears.

"I am very sorry, Miss Elliott, if I have distressed you in any way, but I thought young ladies were pleased to be congratulated at these happy times."

"I'm not engaged to him! I hate him!" came in muffled tones from the pillow.

"Poor fellow!" said Jack, with much sympathy, "I pity him; for I know how it goes to be hated."

No answer, but renewed sobs from the pillow.

At last Jack could endure it no longer, and crossing over to the sofa, seated himself beside the weeping girl and laying his hand on her arm, said,

"Come, Lou, I was only teasing you. I really came to tell you that I am very, very sorry if I offended you that night, and to make promises of better conduct in the future."

At these repentant words, Lou's former wrath subsided, and she began to wonder if perhaps, *she* had been partly to blame, and to feel sorry that she had said she hated Jack; for it was much easier to say these things than to unsay them.

"Oh! Jack, I was to blame too, but I'm sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry for, that I see," answered Jack, with a wicked desire to tease her, now that he really understood the case. "Of course, since you hate me, you could not be expected to marry me."

"But I don't hate you, I was angry when I said I did," she said, and again buried her face.

At this Jack put his arm around her, and drew her little wet face upon his shoulder, whispering,

"Darling, tell me, do you love me?"

Her answer must have been satisfactory, for Jack beat and kissed her; and said a great many silly things, which one would hardly have expected from a learned young lawyer.

"Oh, Jack dear," said Lou at length; "you do not know how miserable I was when I thought you did not care. And to think of tormenting me about that horrid Jackson!"

"But, darling, you certainly appeared to like him very well," returned Jack mischievously.

"And how about the lovely blonde?" retorted his black-eyed love.

"Now, that is turning the tables on a fellow with a vengeance. I move we change the subject."

Which, of course, turned to themselves, as lovers always find talking of themselves very interesting, and have an unlimited supply of confidences to exchange.

"Lou, darling," questioned Jack, "there is one more thing I want to ask you, and that is, why you refused me before?"

"Well," explained Lou, "I always think a person prizes a thing most when they have tried hardest to win it, so I thought I would refuse you then, and of course if you really cared for me, you would ask again. But when you called me hard names, and I said I hated you, I thought you never would ask again, and I was wretched."

"You see I did, love," said Jack with an amused and tender smile. "So all's well that ends well." And then ensued a period of rapture.

So the matter was settled. But to this day Judge Martin teases his charming little wife about the time she "hated him."

A Pretty Foot Robe.

A very dainty foot robe can be made as follows: Procure one pound best cotton batting, one and a half yard each of pale pink and "baby-blue" sateen, or silesia, and six ounces each of pink and white zephyr.

If the sateen is put in a frame it will be easier to keep the work straight, but is not at all necessary. With a warm iron press out all store folds from the goods, then lay the pink width upon a dining table, wrong side uppermost, and spread the cotton evenly over the surface, thick or thin as may be desired. If too little cotton is used the robe will not puff nicely. Place the blue sateen on top of the cotton, right side up this time, and pin down carefully all along the edges, and about twice through the centre.

Lay off the robe in blocks about six inches square, dotting the intersections of the squares with a lead-pencil. On each dot place a daisy of the zephyr made in this way: Divide the pink zephyr, into skeins of twenty threads each, and cut in two. Now take a needle threaded with strong, white thread and put through the robe at a pencil dot, bringing up again on the right side. Lay one end of the skein of pink zephyr across the stitch thus formed, allowing the short end to project half-an-inch; on this lay a skein of white zephyr consisting of ten threads; bring up the thread with which the needle is threaded, and tie firmly. Cut off the zephyr and trim to a round, shapely daisy. Place one of these at each intersection of the squares, work the edges of the robe in loose button-hole stitch, with white zephyr, and it is complete.

A rich and elegant foot robe can be made of olive-green satin, lined with rose-pink and fastened at the intersections with plush balls, allowing the little loop on the balls to lie loose. They should be sewed on close up to the ball. Finish the robe with a handsome fringe.

The much-abused crazy-work can be used very effectively in this way with little expense, except of time. Either one of the above would make a gift which ought to satisfy the most fastidious friend.

The Choice of a Man.

"I regret little, I would change still less.
Since there my past life lies, why alter it?
. . . . . .
"And I have labored somewhat in my time
And not been paid profusely."
—*Andrea Del Sarto.* R. BROWNING.

"I mind how love repaired all ill,
Cured wrong, soothed grief, made earth amends."
R. BROWNING.
—*Christmas Eve and Easter Day.*

You had your choice, and you took your stand—
Wealth and fame might be won; in your hand
The world would have laid its richest prize,
But you turned from the world. Do you now despise
What it could have given? You are not great,
But poor and unknown; it is now too late.

Ah! but I know what you might have done—
Have stained your soul ere the stake was won,
Have lied, and cheated, and felt no shame,
In the eager race for riches and fame.
Though none may know it save she and I,
You let the world and its pomp go by.

I hold, my friend, you are greater now,
Unknown, unnoticed, than if your brow
Were bound with laurel and bay, for you
Have fought the fight, and tried, and true.
You smile as you weigh the gain and the cost,
Her love you have kept, and the world that you lost.
F. P.

Coughing

IS Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure." —Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

To Remove Blemishes from Furniture.

Remove white spots on furniture by wetting a piece of flannel with turpentine and rubbing the spot hard.

To remove white stains have three woolen cloths; dip one in linseed or kerosene oil and rub the spot briskly; then wet a second cloth with alcohol and rub the spot quickly; finally, polish with the third cloth, slightly wet with oil.

For mahogany, if stained, use oxalic acid and water, rubbing it on with a clean cork, until the stain disappears. Mahogany may be polished with a flannel cloth dipped in sweet, or cold drawn linseed oil.

Remove ink stains from mahogany by putting a few drops of spirit of niter in a teaspoonful of water; touch the spot with a camel's hair brush dipped in the mixture, and then rub it out immediately with a cloth dipped in cold water. This way answer for other woods also.

Marks are taken from varnished wood by wetting a sponge in alcohol or camphor, and using it freely to the surface of the spots.

Sweet oil removes finger marks from varnished furniture, and kerosene will do the same for oiled pieces.

Alcohol must always be used quickly, or it will remove the varnish.

Art Pincushion.

Take nine inches square of pale-blue satin. Either buy or make the cushion, which should be very full and firm, and the same size as the satin. After the latter is made and put on, finish with fine cream lace, one-and-a-half yard long and two inches wide. Then take a piece of bolting cloth, pinked round the edges, and six by seven inches in size, and paint on it with fine brush and french dyes (which are so popular now) a pretty little landscape. An old castle, overlooking a lake surrounded by trees and flowers and having a pleasure boat on it, make a nice study. Place this on the top of cushion, take the edge of lace and bring it up in the centre of each side of bolting cloth and fasten there at each place with one-half yard of *love picot* edge ribbon to match the cushion in color.

This is not only a pretty work of art but it is also a very useful article in the guest chamber.

Marriage of the Pope's Niece.

The marriage of a niece of Pope Leo XIII with a Guardia Nobile, Count Salvatore Salimei, will be celebrated on July 5. The bride, who is a daughter of the Pope's sister, will only receive a dowry of £2,400, to which the Pope has only contributed £1,600.

Old-Time Proverbs.

When thou sittest among many, reach not thy hand out first of all.

A good life hath but few days, but a good name endureth forever.

AFTERNOON RECEPTIONS.

SIMPLY, SEEMINGLY AND SENSIBLY.

Invitations should be sent out three or four days in advance, and a longer time if the reception is to be formal. The invitation may be written thus:

Mrs. Lewis Wilson,

AT HOME

November 18, from 3 until 6.

This invitation may be written on a calling card, enclosed in a white envelope, and delivered at the house, if in the city. It is not good etiquette to send invitations through the post-office. At the hall door a servant should be stationed, to admit each guest, before she has had time to ring. This servant also directs the way to the "unrobing-room," where the wraps are removed by another servant, who takes charge of them, and assists in various ways. The bonnet and gloves are almost invariably worn, the gloves to correspond with the rest of the toilet, in tone. The only ones privileged to appear unbonneted in a large reception are the ladies receiving with the hostess or assisting her to entertain her guests. They should always be bareheaded. Street dresses or the plainer reception dresses are worn. If possessing a fine old piece of lace or an exquisite handkerchief, now is the time to use it. Lace may be used for the neck, or for a tiny vest on the dress. The handkerchief is daintily tucked away between the buttons or folds of the bodice.

The hostess should stand near the entrance of the reception-room, and extend a welcome to each one as she arrives, and the guest should then be introduced to others in the room, especially if she be a stranger; in that case an unusual amount of attention should be given her. A guest can go at any time after the lunch has been served, but under no circumstance remain longer than the appointed time. In the winter time the house should be darkened, and lighted by gas, candles or lamps.

At a large afternoon reception, the guests are invited out to lunch in parties, at different times, by an assisting friend of the hostess. The hostess herself never takes refreshment, except at small and informal receptions, where all sit down at lunch at the same time. Usually an unmarried lady sits at either end of the table, who pours the tea, coffee or chocolate.

One dining-room, used on such an occasion, may here be described: The sideboard had been removed, and chairs were placed around the walls of the room; in the grate a fire was burning cheerily; on the middle of the mantel a large ivy was trained about a picture, two large baskets of Jacqueminot roses were placed on either end. The windows were darkened, and from the lighted chandelier festoons of smilax were hanging in graceful curves. Under the chandelier sat the table. The linen cover was beautifully white and fine. The tray-cloths were embroidered in tiny blue forget-me-nots. The china was beautiful polished. Large platters of angels' food, Graham wafers and cream wafers were on the table. Chicken salad and tiny white biscuits were handed to each guest, also preserved ginger, for a relish. At either end of the table a young lady was in charge, who served the coffee and chocolate. The handles of the china coffee-cups had a dainty blue ribbon, tied in a tiny bow, and the chocolate-cups were adorned in like manner by a pink ribbon.

In taking leave of the hostess, each guest should, in a few words, express her enjoyment at being present on this occasion, then pass out, and, after putting on wraps, depart without going into the reception-room again. The hostess should so exert herself that each guest can truly say, after going away, "What a charming woman Mrs. Wilson is, and what a delightful time we had at her home!"

To avoid confusion and overwork, let everything possible be done the day before, when the house should be arranged and everything put in spotless order. While not much variety is necessary, let everything be the best and daintiest of its kind. Good cream is indispensable, as Holmes says in the Autocrat, "Cream is thicker than water."

Evening receptions are conducted in the same way, except that gentlemen are invited.

Mlle. Sarmesa Bilcesco, a young Rumanian, has just graduated in law in Paris. She is 23 years of age, and is described as very attractive. She was graduated at 17 in science and belles lettres at Bucharest, and also took the first prize there as pianist. She went to Paris in 1884, was admitted as a student at the Sorbonne, and, after some demur, at the Faculty of Law. Her mother always escorted her, and in six years she missed only one lecture.

The Staff of Life.

It was a mild morning in April, the vision of outdoor loveliness greeted my longing eyes through every window, but I had a busy day before me and could only sigh for the pleasure denied. Baby was very fretful, the "next to baby" sick with cold, and the next in order in an upward scale of gradation, in a very selfish, domineering mood, so that with all these cares added to the housework I was trying to wade through, I felt like three rainy days, and doubt not I *looked* it, too. Gathering baby into my arms for his morning nap, I sat by the window as I hummed a tune; gazing through the elm tree where tender leaves begin to bear that exquisite young green, beyond into the blue sky, and nearly forgetting care in that refreshing azure depth. My attention was arrested by a sound from the street, and behold! a well-known vehicle from the country containing two—four—five people, come to stay to dinner! I tucked the baby away, and with the two others clinging to my skirts went to the door to greet my friends, and to reiterate over and over all the little hes of welcome; for it was Monday, the cook was at the wash-tub, the house-girl doing the kitchen work, and I had not provided for any extras.

While they were doffing their wraps I was chatting merrily and at the same time questioning my inner self about dinner; and so soon as I could leave them I rushed out to the cook, and taking her into the kitchen and sending the house-girl to the children, I surveyed the situation. Cook and I both uttered many ejaculations of gratitude because there was plenty of bread in the house; good, home-made, fresh, luscious bread. I had cold dried-apple pies, highly seasoned with spices and very much liked by my own family, all ready for our dinner, but they seemed so shabby to offer company. So the cook and I assembled our forces—bread, cheese, milk, butter, eggs, I fell to and helped her prepare some of the dishes; then, leaving her to cook them, and glancing on the table (which we had set at breakfast time) long enough to add more chairs and plates, jelly and pickles, I went back to entertain my guests. They never knew for one moment that I had any trouble over them, and I hope they are thinking to-day what a nice dinner I had had and at the regular hour. It was after ten when they came, and we had on the stove only asparagus and potatoes; but I rang the dinner bell at half past twelve. First, I made a bread pudding, while cook stirred a light custard into a boil. I sliced the bread thin, placing the slices as I buttered them into a buttered baker. I used butter on the first layer of bread, then I spread the next layer with plumb jelly, and so on alternated it till the baker was a little over half full. Over this we poured a light custard, made of one quart of milk, three eggs, three table spoonfuls of sugar, and put that into the oven to bake. I then sliced more bread and browned it in the oven, though, of course, it is better toasted; but as we had to have coals to broil the steak on, could not toast the bread. After the bread was browned, I went back to the company, having covered the bread with a dish cover and set the dish on the stove hearth—it softens the bread a little to shut it up in a hot dish.

At a signal from cook (she knocked a fork on a glass by my order) I went back, just at a quarter-past twelve—the steak was broiling, the potatoes were mashed and baked, and she was just dropping the eggs into hot water to poach. From my big dish of hot browned bread I first filled the asparagus dish, then laid the asparagus on top and poured over it a rich dressing of butter and cream, adding salt and pepper, and having the dressing almost boiling hot when I poured it on.

I took five tablespoonfuls of grated cheese one-half pint of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, and melted that on the stove; then I buttered some more browned bread with the melted cheese and put that in a covered dish. I had yet another "bread dish," and laughed as I took my last toasted bread. I cut it in squares, as near the size of the poached egg as possible, buttered each piece, and laying them on a flat meat dish (heated like the bread), I covered each piece of bread with a poached egg, adding pepper and salt. I had raised some parsley in the house, which garnished the steak, and though I would never have invited my friends to dine on steak, still it was not to be despised; it was far better to make them feel comfortable than to make excuses.

It was a well broiled steak, juicy and tender; the coffee was excellent; a glass of young onions, together with the parsley, made the table look spring-like, while a green plate piled with wild violets was the finishing touch to the repast. The pudding we ate with whipped cream, and the little relish of curd was handed round after it. The latter is made in this way—or I should say this is one way:

CURD RELISH.—Strain clabber into a thin muslin bag and hang it to drip; in four hours pack it down in a dish or bowl and press it like cheese. Then cut it into squares, which can be moulded in the fingers; wrap each square in either white tissue paper or in tinfoil. Another way is to add pepper and salt before it is pressed; and yet another is to flavor it with nutmeg and brown sugar before pressing.

A Few Table Don'ts.

Don't smack your lips.

Don't take large mouthfuls.

Don't blow your food, in order to cool it.

Don't use your knife instead of your fork.

Don't find fault and pick about your food.

Don't talk with your mouth filled with food.

Don't soil the table-cloth with bones, parings, etc.

Don't commence eating as soon as you are seated.

Don't laugh loudly, or talk boisterously, at the table.

Don't retail all the slanders you can think of at the table.

Don't take bones up in your fingers to eat the meat from them.

Don't call attention to any little mistake which may have occurred.

Don't make yourself and your own affairs the chief topic of conversation.

Don't take another mouthful, while any of the previous one remains in the mouth.

Don't reach across the table for anything; but wait until it is passed to you or ask for it.

Don't put your elbows on the table, nor lounge about; if not able to sit erect, ask to be excused.

Don't frown or look cross at the table; it hurts your own digestion, as well as that of those eating with you.

Don't pick your teeth, unless something has become wedged between them, then put your napkin up to your mouth while extracting it.

A Few Suggestions About Shoes.

Never try to wear a shoe that is too small for you, nor one that is not a good fit for your foot. By good fit is meant: one that fits sufficiently snug not to wrinkle, not to allow your foot to slip around in the shoe, yet loose enough to allow plenty of ease and comfort; with square toes, low, broad heels, and particularly from three-quarters to one inch longer than you could wear, if you allowed your big toe to go to the end of the shoe. A long shoe gives a more graceful effect to the foot, is more comfortable and lasts longer. Be careful not to run your shoes over at the heel or sides; this is the result of carelessness, and in many people really amounts to a deformity, besides quickly ruining a shoe. Never let shoes get hard or dry, by drying them by the fire, which dries and injures them badly; dry them gradually, and if quite wet rub on a little bit of castor-oil or tallow before drying, as the steam generated in a wet boot or shoe will scald it and cause it to crack. Occasionally wash off the old dry blacking, applying a little castor-oil. Do not put on a thick, heavy coat or two coats of blacking. When polishing shoes a gentle brushing, with a soft brush, is better for the shoes than the vigorous work of the boot-black. Never put on, or handle a patent leather, when it is cold; always warm it thoroughly before bending the leather; if put on when warm, and in a warm room a patent leather shoe may be worn out in the cold without injury. Do not wear rubbers over a nice, new pair of shoes, as they spoil the leather. Keep an older pair to wear under rubbers when possible; always take your rubbers off when entering the house.

A correspondent of the London *Graphic* excepts to Mrs. Lynn Linton's arraignment of the rudeness of Englishmen to women, and declares with charming frankness that her observation shows that "intentional personal rudeness from man to woman, unless she be his wife, is most rare and exceptional." So it would seem that connubial rudeness is quite the proper thing over there.

Considerable numbers of domestics have recently been brought from Scotland for service on the Pacific coast, where they give the best of satisfaction. One of their number was recently married to a civil engineer, the ceremony taking place at the house of the girl's employer, who warmly congratulated the groom, saying, "You have won a very noble woman." Possibly this appreciation of her faithful service had something to do in the case.

Save Your Hair

BY a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. Kerr, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

Enjoyment at Home.

Don't shut up your home, lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts lest a merry laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs that gather there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When one's home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in reckless dissipation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they don't have it at their own hearthstone it will be sought at other and perhaps at less, profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand.

Don't repress the buoyant spirit of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and fire-light of a home, blots out many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic circle. Put home first and foremost; for there will come a time when the home circle will be broken; when you will "long for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still;" and when your greatest pleasure will be in remembering that you did all in your power to put a song in the heart of every burden to make each other happy.

A Pretty Apron.

Materials: two widths of lawn, cut the desired length, and neatly hemmed together. Press the seam flatly and have it as narrow as possible, so it will not interfere with your tucks; tuck the apron lengthwise, in narrow tucks, being careful to have the seam come under a tuck, with space between them to correspond with width of tucks. Mine is as narrow a tuck as the machine will allow. Tuck to within about five inches of bottom of apron, leaving it to form a ruffle, that hangs below as nicely as if gathered in place. Lace or embroidery added to ruffle completes the outline. At the top, lay each tuck up to the edge of the next tuck, to give fullness, and put a plain band over them. If the tucks are as narrow as mine, there will be enough of the material to tear strings off the sides. These are tacked across the ends.

Another pretty apron is made of one width of same material, turned up six inches at bottom and hemstitched. Three rows of narrow ribbon (any desired color) are run in and out through buttonholes cut lengthwise in the hem, and worked very neatly. The buttonholes are so cut that those in the top row are opposite those in the bottom row. Top finished with ribbon shirred in hem, and tied at side with bow.

When one bubbleth and another pulleth down, what profit have they for their labor.

QUEEN OF THE MERMAIDS.

BY PAYSIE.

The long pleasant summer was drawing to a close; already the winds were becoming raw and chilly, and the pleasure seekers who had spent their vacation months enjoying the cool sea breezes had returned to their city homes, leaving the shore bare and deserted. Little Annette thought with a sigh of the long, cold winter which would follow, and wished that her fretful, fault-finding aunt were more kind and loving, or that when her dear mamma died she had been sent to some less desolate place than this humble home on the shore of the great ocean.

As the little girl wandered on the forsaken beach where many times she had watched with such pleasure the sports of happy children, she spied sitting on a rock not far off the beautiful figure of a woman. Her long golden hair fell like sunshine about her neck and shoulders, and with her white hands clasped around her knees she looked dreamily off over the water. For a few moments Annette gazed with astonishment; then advancing slowly she stood before the lovely image, which said: "How came you on this lonely shore? Have you wandered from home, and are you not able to find your way back?"

"Oh, I am not lost," answered Annette, "my home is near by. And do you also live here?"

The lady smiled and replied: "Then you do not know me? I am the queen of the mermaids, and have my palace far beneath the waters. But in the evenings, when the summer visitors are gone, I come to this shore to see the beauties of the sunset."

Having thus spoken she arose and was about to take her departure, when Annette cried: "Oh, please do not go. You are so beautiful; and I am very lonely on this dull shore. Could I not go with you to your palace under the water? I should serve you so faithfully and true."

"You know not what you ask," said the mermaid; "my people are not like yours. They live only for enjoyment; and often in their pursuit after pleasure, are selfish and cruel. They punish severely any violation of faith made to them; and always resent to the utmost any injury."

"Try me, fair lady," said Annette; "take me with you; you will find me faithful and obedient, and I shall soon win the love of your subjects."

"Come, then," said the mermaid, "and do not forget that you come by your own choice."

Loosing a golden girdle from her dress, she gave it to her, saying, "Put on this that you may be known as one of my people. With it you will have power to live under the water and to go where you will. But you must never mount to the surface of the water, nor betray to mankind the secrets of the sea."

Trustingly Annette placed her hand in that of the Mermaid's and with her approached the waves. When they reached the water the setting sun had made a shining path which led down, down, far from the sandy shore even to the bottom of the sea. There, instead of finding darkness and gloom as Annette had feared, it was bright and warm, and the sun shone just the same as on the shore.

"Now you are in my kingdom," said the mermaid, "and henceforth this shall be your home."

Annette looked about with sparkling eyes, and thought she would never wish to leave this charming spot. In the distance appeared a grove of large trees, whose wide spreading branches bore leaves of many colors.

"That is my coral park," said the mermaid, noting the direction of Annette's glance; "and in the midst stands my palace, whose crystal walls you can see gleaming through the trees."

At that moment hundreds of fairy creatures appeared bowing before their Queen, and bidding her companion welcome.

"These are a few of my subjects," said the mermaid; "and so long as you are faithful to me, they will obey all your commands, and will neglect none of your wishes."

The wonders of a mermaid's realm did not end with a crystal palace and a coral park; there were palm groves, brilliant colored flowers, and innumerable shells with their dainty tints. But to Annette, the most beautiful of all was, when, as the sun was sinking and the shadows of the coral trees began to lengthen, the Queen would bring her golden harp, and sing of the treasures of the sea until the moon arose and the stars danced merrily on the waves.

One day, while wandering through the grove, Annette discovered a narrow path which until then had been unknown to her. Following its intricate windings, she came to a wide space grown over with sea weeds and water lilies, and among the flowers and grasses, lay men and women, and even little children, all apparently resting quietly and sleeping sweetly. At first Annette was at a loss to understand this strange scene; but as she drew near, and found the bodies stiff and cold, she knew they had been victims of a cruel sea, and perhaps were carried here by the mermaids while anxious friends were watching for their return. The thought filled her with such horror that she wished to flee at once from the spot. But at the same moment a hissing noise sounded through the water and a gigantic monster sped past her. Annette knew this to be the dreaded sea serpent, which always left death and destruction in its path. She screamed with terror as she saw a ship gliding through the tide. Annette could see on the deck of the vessel a young girl and an old man; then a crash followed, and Annette stood as if fixed to the spot. She saw the serpent, having done its dreadful work, continue its way, and the old man carried by brave soldiers to the shore. But the fair young girl sank, was seized by the mermaids, and was laid among the water lilies.

Annette was no longer happy in her beautiful home. The secrets of the sea had brought no pleasure. Her constant thought was of the old man and his great sorrow. One day, unable to endure the strain longer, she mounted to the surface of the water, and saw on a rock by the sea the silver-haired man, his head bowed with grief. Annette approached him and said kindly: "Do not grieve for your daughter. They have laid her in a more beautiful resting place than you could have given her. She sleeps among the sea flowers."

The old man looked with astonishment at the speaker, who then told of her life among the mermaids. And now the little girl suddenly remembered that she had betrayed her trust, and had told one of the secrets of the sea. She trembled at the thought of meeting the Queen, and dreaded the punishment which she knew would follow. With a sinking heart she started on her way to the palace, and had gone but a short distance when she saw the mermaid advancing with an angry countenance.

"Have you been to the surface of the water?" she asked, "and have you betrayed my secrets?"

When Annette had confessed all, the Queen said: "You can no longer remain with us. Return to me the girdle."

Annette, forgetting that only while possessing the girdle she could live under the water, did as she was commanded. Then the waves which before had been so warm and gentle, now became cold and rough, and beating fiercely about the little girl, carried her above, where they tossed her so rudely that she feared she would be dashed to pieces. The mermaids glided about her laughing scornfully, taunting her with bitter words. Just as she was sinking for the last time, and the water nymphs were about to carry her lifeless body below, the old man, who had watched the struggles of the child, now advancing in his boat, rescued her, and carried her to his home, where she was the comfort and joy of his old age.

FIG. 46.—No. 4689.—GIRLS' DRESS. PRICE 29 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 3 years, 4½ yards; 4 years, 4½ yards; 5 years, 4⅝ yards; 6 years, 4⅝ yards; 7 years, 5¼ yards; 8 years, 5½ yards; 9 years, 5¾ yards; 10 years, 5⅞ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 3 years, 2¼ yards; 4 years, 2¼ yards; 5 years, 2⅜ yards; 6 years, 2½ yards; 7 years, 2½ yards; 8 years, 2½ yards; 9 years, 2⅝ yards; 10 years, 2¾ yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 2¾ yards of 42-inch material, ⅛ of a yard of 18-inch velvet, and 4½ yards of ribbon velvet will be required for the medium size.

Dress Pattern No. 4689, price 20 cents, on this little tot is suitably made of challie China silk, crepon, etc., with a trimming of piece and ribbon velvet, the latter answering for three bands from the side seams tied in front, and the former for the neck revers, cuffs, and V, shaped vest. The round waist has the fullness laid in tiny pleats at the centre of the waist-line, back and front. The full skirt is gathered to the waist, and the short sleeves are fulled, top and bottom. Pattern No. 4563, price 15 cents, furnishes the guimpe, which is a yoke of tucks and insertion, with a neck-frill, shirt-sleeves, and frilled wristbands, fastening around the waist with drawing-strings to keep it smooth when the dress is put on.

It is a luxury far off, desirable but unattainable, so says the practical mind; but not so. This luxury of the ancients can be obtained by the nineteenth century maiden at a cost second to nothing. The bath of roses can be made as follows: The warm water, in quantity amounting to the usual requirement of the bath, is first softened by stirring into the tub finely sifted oatmeal, into which also is added half a pint of glycerine; lastly put into it two drops of attar of roses. If the massage treatment be available, use it by all means; if not, let a coarse towel and hard rubbing serve the purpose of the massage system. This bath is simply fine, as it softens the skin and blends perfume into each line of the body. After all, to obtain it is a simple thing, too, the two drops of the attar of roses being the greatest expense of all.

SOME TESTED RECIPES.

CORN CAKES.—Three eggs, beaten separately, whites and yelks, a quart of grated or canned corn, four pounded crackers, a little flour, and salt to taste; beat well and drop into a hot skillet greased with butter and drippings. When brown on one side turn to the other. Serve hot.

CANDIED CHERRIES.—Boil seeded cherries in a syrup of one cup of water one pound of sugar, till tender. Let stand in the syrup two days. Remove, drain, separate the cherries and sprinkle thick with sugar. Dry on plates in the sun.

CANNED TOMATOES (whole).—Select small, smooth, sound tomatoes. Pack them without peeling into wide-mouthed jars, fill the jars with cold water, and finish precisely the same as lima beans, boiling only thirty minutes. Be sure that the cans are filled to overflowing with boiling water before screwing on the tops.

ITALIAN CREAM.—In a cup of cold milk soak for half an hour one-third of a box of gelatine; put a quart of milk into the farina kettle, and when boiling stir in the well-beaten yelks of eight eggs, a cup and a half of sugar, and the gelatine; remove from the fire when it begins to thicken and mix with it the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Flavor to taste, pour into molds and set away to cool.

CUP PUFFS.—One-half cup white sugar, one-half cup milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt. Flour enough to make a batter that will drop from a spoon. Butter six teacups and put a spoonful of batter in each, then a little fresh fruit, and fill up half full of batter. Berries are nice, but apples sliced thin are better. Steam an hour in a steamer over a pot of water. They come out of the cups perfect puff balls, light, spongy and digestible. Serve with plenty of wine sauce.

NEAPOLITAN PUDDING.—One pint of orange juice (requiring seven or eight medium-sized oranges), one-half box of gelatine, the white of one egg, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of cold water, one cupful of boiling water, a few drops of rose-colored fruit extract, and the grated rind and juice of one large lemon. Soak the gelatine in the cold water, add the boiling water, the juice of oranges and lemon, and the sugar. Strain and divide into three equal parts, pouring one-third into a flat-bottomed dish and setting away to harden. To the second third, add a few drops of the coloring extract and set this also in a cool place. Let the remaining portion get thoroughly cold, and as soon as it shows symptoms of forming into jelly, add to it the beaten white of egg, and whip until light and spongy. Pour this into a small mold, which has been dipped in cold water, and set upon ice for several hours. Remove from the mold, cut the colored jelly into small cubes, and heap about the base—*Good Housekeeping.*

ICES AND ICE-CREAM.—This is the season when coolness, external and internal, is sought; and a great deal of it is bought, when the housewife, at much less expense, could with slight labor, and that a labor of delight, prepare for her table a much superior article. It is, of course, necessary to have the best of materials, and to exercise exactness and care in preparation—which is equivalent to saying that the work must be done by her own hands or under her immediate direction. Here are a few formulas which will be found delicious:

RASPBERRY ICE-CREAM.—Half a pound of powdered sugar and six egg-yolks. Mix well with a spatula for ten minutes, then add one pint of boiling milk, stir for two minutes longer and pour the whole in a copper basin. Place it on the hot stove and with the spatula, stir gently at the bottom until well heated, but it must not boil. Take from the fire, set it on the table, then immediately add a pint of sweet cream, mixing again for two minutes. Add half a pint of well-picked and clean raspberries. Mix well with the spatula for two minutes. Then strain through a fine sieve into the freezer, pressing the raspberries through with a wooden spoon. Remove the sieve, cover the freezer and freeze.

PEACH ICE-CREAM.—Half a pound of powdered sugar with six egg-yolks, then mix well with a spatula for ten minutes. Add a pint of boiling milk, stir for two minutes longer and pour the whole into a copper basin. Place it on the hot stove and heat it thoroughly, stirring it continually, but not letting it boil. Remove, lay it on the table and mix in, immediately, one pint of sweet cream; then leave it to cool for 30 minutes. Have six ripe, fine, sound peaches, wipe them nicely, cut them in two, remove the stones, then mash into the cream, mixing thoroughly for three minutes. Strain through a fine sieve into a freezer, pressing the peaches through with a wooden spoon; then freeze.

TO RENOVATE HATS.

How many of the HOUSEKEEPER sisters have about decided that they must wear old-fashioned hats or go without? Yet with a little work these same hats may become fresh-looking and stylish.

Hats are now worn so very low in the crown that our first step must be to alter that. To do this, measure two and one-half or three inches from the brim at a point directly in front or a little to one side, and commence ripping. Continue ripping until the top of the crown is reached. Most hats taper gradually toward the top, and you will probably find yorr crown too small to cover the hat. To remedy this, cut the braid where you began ripping, dampen to make it more pliable, and begin increasing the size of the crown by sewing the braid round and round. The braid must be held a trifle full to make it lie flat, but the necessity for this is easily seen when sewing. Continue widening till the crown fits the top of the head. Re-sewing hats may be done with the sewing machine, but if the work is new to you, you can more easily get the desired shape by hand-sewing, using fine thread and short, close stitches.

As to the brim, arrange that to suit your taste; almost any shape is fashionable, although one narrow in the back and gradually widening toward the front is most generally becoming. The shape of the brim can often be altered without sewing over, as when dampened it will take any shape you wish. If the outer row of braid is nicked or damaged, replace it by another row of what was left over when finishing the crown. If you want the brim to roll slightly, this may be accomplished by holding the last two or three rows of braid tight when sewing. Unless you are tired of the old shape and are determined to improve upon it, you had better leave it alone, for in this as in all else, without the determination to succeed, you can never achieve success.

We will now suppose the shape suits you. If the hat was white and is now yellowed or sunbrowned, your next step must be to bleach it. If you have an air-tight box or chest, screw hooks in the under side of the lid, and suspend your hat so that it hangs crown downwards; place a few smoldering coals in an old pan and sprinkle on sufficient sulphur to make a thick, black smoke. Too little sulphur will make a flame; be careful to use enough to make a smoke; close the lid, and in a short time the straw will be beautifully white. If no box is available, a barrel may be substituted, screwing the hooks into the bottom and inverting it over a pan of coals and sulphur. Be sure to dampen the hat slightly before "smoking" it.

Should your hat be a colored one, or if you wish it colored, instead of bleaching, you must dye it. Any of the Diamond dyes for cotton will color straw. The white or light-colored straws will take any dye, but other colors had better be freshened by a bath in dye as near like the original as possible, not forgetting you can color any hat black, which is the most desirable.

It is just as easy to choose headgear that will harmonize with your other apparel as not, if you only give the matter a little thought. I call to mind a young friend who because she admired a certain green lac straw, trimmed with green velvet and pink roses, purchased it, when her best dresses are a heliotrope and a dark red one; and when worn, neither the dresses nor the hat look well, they are so much out of harmony with each other. A tiny hat or bonnet on a tall woman looks ridiculous, while the reverse makes the wearer appear "top-heavy." Flowers of delicate hues are out of place near pale faces, and dark blue ones should never be worn by ladies with very light blue or gray eyes.

No one with a *retrousse* nose should wear a hat turning up in front. It may be worn off the face, but do not have it the shape I've mentioned. Ladies with thin faces generally find those most becoming which are worn low over the forhead. The arrangement of the hair has much to do with the becomingness of a hat or bonnet. A soft framing of waves or fluffy bangs to the face makes the hat above much more becoming than if worn with plain bands of hair.

I came near omitting some suggestions it regard to renovating hat trimmings. Velvefacings if soiled, may be brushed with gasoline, and when the gasoline has evaporated, dampen the back of the velvet and draw it slowly over a hot iron, which will take out folds and raise the pile, especially if a second person is brushing it while the steaming is in progress.

Feathers and tips may be redyed, and may be curled by shaking over a smoke made by throwing sugar on glowing coals, although curling by drawing each little frond over a dull knife is successful. This process is more tedious than the former, but the curl stays longer.

Ribbons and silks may be cleaned by a gasoline bath, and when dry placed under a slightly damp cloth and ironed with a warm iron; never use a hot one on silk. If faded, use diamond dyes to make them "new."

Black laces, if not soiled, will look much fresher if dipped in strong coffee in which a few grains of gum arabic have been dissolved; then baste them on a piece of cloth, securing every point; tack the cloth to a smooth surface and let it remain till dry.

Artificial flowers may be improved. If they are faded, you may dye them, if you have the dye very strong and hot, and are careful to immerse them for only a second. Sometimes only the leaves of a flower are in fair condition and these may be made much more so by giving them a coating of gum arabic, and sprinkle slightly with diamond silver powder or bronze.

Now do not feel discouraged, you who have old hats, but set to work with a will. It takes longer to write some of the directions than it does to carry them out, and the average woman can accomplish almost whatever she undertakes. This is not written for those who have plenty of means, or for those to whom "time is money," but for that class whose brains and ingenuity must take the place of a full purse, and whose time has no money value, though they are the hardest of workers.

AMATEUR MILLINER.

A Mosside Story.

'ave used your Burdock Blood Bitters Pills and find them everything to me. I had dyspepsia with bad breath and bad appetite, but after a few days use of B.B.B. I felt stronger, could eat a good meal and felt myself a different man.

W. H. STORY, Mosside, Ont.

Northwest ranche cattle are arriving in England, and their utility as store cattle is to be tested.

Improves digestion and strengthens the voice, cleans and preserves the teeth—Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 5 cents.

Mr. Thomas, a Gladstonian, has been elected to represent Carmarthenshire without opposition.

A Rash Knight.

Mr. Reuben Knight, of Morris, Man., states that he was troubled with a rash all over his body which was cured with less than one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters. He highly recommends it as a blood purifier of the greatest efficacy.

Better is the life of a poor man in a mean cottage than delicate fare in another man's house.

Mr. A. Fisher, of the Toronto *Globe*, says: "I take great pleasure in recommending Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure to the public. I have suffered with Dyspepsia for some time, and have tried several remedies without receiving any benefit. Being recommended to do so I used one bottle, and must say that I find the result perfectly satisfactory, not having been troubled with this distressing disease since, and would recommend others similarly afflicted to purchase a bottle at once and try it, as I am satisfied they will receive benefit from its use."

"The plaintiff says," recited the Judge, "that you often deserted her; that you subjected her to shameful treatment; that even you often struck her brutally. You call yourself a man and strike a woman of twenty-five." The wife who is in the court room, weeping, with her face in her hands, raises it suddenly at this and exclaims: "I beg your pardon, Judge; only twenty-four years."

Unbearable Agony.

For three days I suffered severely from summer complaint, nothing gave me relief and I kept getting worse until the pain was almost unbearable, but after I had taken the first dose of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, I found great relief and it did not fail to cure me.

WM. T. GLYNN, Wilfrid, Ont.

" I love you well, my sweetheart shy;
I'm true."
The maiden blushing answered, " I
Love you."

" Why do you love me, my adored?"—
A pause.
And then she answered with a word:
" Because."

If you want something delicious and healthful to chew, try Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum.

LADY AGENTS

Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for females, quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists or the agent, W NEILL, 2263 St. Catherine street, Montreal.

50c. Per Box.

12 BEAUTIFUL Chinese Handkerchiefs, with colored borders very elegant; also a genuine Asiatic Folding Fan, hand painted and very artistic. All by mail 25 cents, (stamps or silver) Address Canadian Novelty Co., Montreal, Q.

FAT FOLKS

using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Sold by Druggists everywhere or sent by mail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

Singer Improved High Arm, 4 Drawers, Extension Drop Leaf, Full Set Attachments. Warranted by the manufacturers for five years. Limited Offer.

COVERTON'S NIPPLE OIL.

For cracked or sore nipples, also for hardening the nipples before confinement. This oil wherever used has been found superior to all preparations. One trial is sufficient to establish itsmerits. Price 25c. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose us the above amount and six cents for postage. C. J. COVERTON & CO., Druggists, Montreal.

Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Premature Decline.

Eagle Steam Washer

No wash-board or wash-boiler required, no rubbing, no wear on your clothes. **Good Agents Wanted.** Send for Illustrated Catalogue and terms. Manufactured by

MEYER BROS., 87 Church St., Toronto.

Also Wringers, Mangles, etc.

DR. DORENWEND'S
GERMAN
HAIR MAGIC

Restores Gray Hair, Removes Dandruff and Promotes the Growth.

A great preparation. For sale by all druggists everywhere. $1 per bottle or 6 bottles for $5.

A. DORENWEND, - Sole Agt.

FITS Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a valuable Treatise. This remedy is a sure and radical cure and is perfectly harmless as no injurious drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant it to cure

EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

in severe cases where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is: I want the medicine to be its own recommendation. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post Office. Address:

CURED

H. G. ROOT M. C., 186 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.

"CURLINE"

Dorenwend's New Discovery.

Curls, crimps and frizzes the hair. Holds its influence for days and often weeks.

Pleasant, effective and perfectly harmless, gives lustre and beauty to the hair. Sold at 50c., 5c. extra by mail. Sent anywhere on receipt of price. Will shortly be on sale by all druggists.

A. Dorenwend,
Paris Hair Works,
103 and 105 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

BEST IN AMERICA.

Truth Unprejudiced

Do not imagine that I want to do advertising. I know nothing of St. Leon Springs, I do not know the owners or manager. But I can tell you that, from all I hear and from my own experience.

ST. LEON WATER
IS THE BEST

on the American Continent. — *Correspondent of the St. John's News.*

The Palace Hotel is open at Springs in P. Q. for the reception of visitors. For particulars address the St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd., Toronto, or to St. Leon Springs, P.Q.

Cutting and Fitting.

Taught with the use of the Dressmakers' **MAGIC SCALE.** The tailor system improved and simplified. Perfect Fitting Sleeve a Specialty. Dresses and linings cut.

CORSETS

made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed

Wire Dress Forms

For draping, etc.

426½ YONGE STREET
JUST SOUTH OF COLLEGE.

NEW GOODS
TO HAND.

We have received a large stock of new stamped goods, which we are selling at the following very low prices:

Stamped toilet sets, newest designs, 35c., 45c., 60c., and 90c. per set of five pieces.
Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 35c., 45c., 75c., and $1.00 each.
Night dress bags, newest designs, 40c., 45c., 60c., and $1 each.
Splashers, 18x36 and 18x45, newest designs, 40c., 50c. and 75c each.
Carving and Tray Cloths, suitable designs, 40c., 50c. and 65c. each.
Sideboard Scarfs, 18x72, 75c. and $1 each.
Stamped Laundry Bags, newest designs, 55c., 75c. and 90c. each.
Stamped Umbrella Holders, newest designs 50c each.
Stamped Gentlemen's Companions, 75c. each.
Stamped Pillow Shams, 45c., 75c. and $1 a pair.
Stamped Tidys, all fringed, 25c., 50c. and 75c. each.
Stamped Biscuit Holders, new designs, 30c. each.

Notwithstanding the advance in the price of wools we are still selling our Berlin Wool, single and double, at 8c. per oz.
Shetland and Andalusian Wools, 10c per oz.
Ice Wool, all colors, 10c. per ball.
Embroidery Silks, all colors, 10c per doz.
Wash Silks, guaranteed to wash, 45c per doz.
Arrasene in all the new shades, 25c. per doz.
Felt, all new colors, 2 yards wide, 75c. and $1 a yard.
Pompons, 15 styles, 50 colors, 20c. per doz. up.

Letter orders receive prompt and careful attention, and goods can be sent, via parcel post, to any part of Canada. Our Price List will be sent free to any address.

Henry Davis,
DIRECT IMPORTER,
232 Yonge st., Toronto.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes:—"*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*"—Send Postal Note for 75 cents to THE TRILENE Co., Sole Proprietors, 336 Broadway, New York.

For
Piles,
Burns,
Bruises,
Wounds,
Chafing,
Catarrh,
Soreness,
Lameness,
Sore Eyes,
Inflammation,
Hemorrhages,

USE POND'S EXTRACT.

DEMAND POND'S EXTRACT
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

If you coul' see your own scalp through an ordinary m nifying glass, you would be amazed at th amount of dust, dandruff, and dead skin thereon accumulated. The best and mo popular preparation for cleansing the alp is Ayer's Hair Vigor.

American alists are said to be buying up Fort Will a lots.

Dollars, wh might otherwise be thrown away by reso ng to ineffectual medicines, are saved by purchasing that inexpensive specific for bodily pain and remedy for affections of the th at, lungs, stomach, liver and bowels, *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, which does not dete orate, and is thorough and pure.

The French Acadian convention opened at Clare, N.S., Wednesday.

H. A. Melz gnin, Norland, writes: "I am sold out of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It sells well, and I fi d in every instance it has proven satisfa tory. I have reason to believe it the be preparation of the kind in the market." It cures Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and Torp ity of the Liver, Constipation, and all iseases arising from Impure Blood, Female Complaints, etc.

The actual s tlers arriving at Winnipeg, Man., during J ly numbered 1,011.

Voice Cultur . Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum improves the oice. Sold everywhere. 5 cents.

Mrs. Jane W eeler, a prominent lady of London, comm ted suicide Tuesday.

The easy qu et way in which T. A. SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULISON of PURE COD LIVER OIL has won its way into public f vor speaks volumes for its merits. At th office of the company, Toronto, Ont., can be seen scores of valuable testimonials, w ile any druggist will tell you that for all pu' onary difficulties it stands unrivalled.

Flour rose 1 cents per bag at Winnipeg Tuesday owing to the rise in wheat.

Hard and so t corns withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

David Langi e was crushed to death in a shipyard at Ri er John, N.S., Tuesday.

Thomas My rs, Bracebridge, writes:—"*Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, &c., immediate rel f has been received by those who use it.

Horses in v rious parts of Manitoba and the Northwest are afflicted with glanders.

Four Years in Sawyerville.

"For four y rs I had pimples and sores breaking out on my hands and face caused by bad blood. Medicine from the doctor was tried with ut avail, but after using two bottles of Burd ck Blood Bitters I am well."

MISS MABEL INDSAY, Sawyerville, Que.

The harvest in Hungary is ruined by the floods.

When the V tal Current is vitiated from any cause, sco butic blemishes in the shape of pimples, so s and blotches soon begin to disfigure the s in. Is such a case the most effective pur fier in Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which expels impurities from the blood as well as regula s digestion, the bowels, liver and kidneys. For Female Complaints it has no equal.

Prof. Favre, the eminent Swiss geologist, is dead.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it d es not please you.

The population of Chicago is estimated at 1,098,567, pl ng her next to New York.

Bickle's A ti-Consumptive Syrup is a combination of several medicinal herbs which exert a most wonderful influence in curing pulmonary consumption and all other diseases of the lungs, chest and throat. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, and gives ease e en to the greatest sufferer. Coughs, col s, shortness of breath, and affections of the chest, attended with weakness of the digestive organs or with general debility, seem to vanish under it use. No other remed acts so readily in allaying inflammation or breaking up a severe cold, even the mo obstinate cough is overcome by its penet ating and healing properties. When chil ren are effected with colds coughs, infl mmation of the lungs, croup, quinsey, and sore throat, this Syrup is of vast importance. The number of deaths among children from these diseases is truly alarming. It is so palatable that a child will not ref se it, and is put at such a price that will n t exclude the poor from its benefits.

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*—a pulmonic of acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

A death from cholera occurred in Madrid on Monday.

Moderate Gum chewing positively healthful. Chew Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum. 5 cents.

A graveyard near Waldron, in Indiana, has been heaved up by gas.

John Hays, Credit P. O., says:—"His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since."

Prince Napoleon is said to have landed in Tunis, carrying an Italian passport.

People who read and reflect, after reading, upon the many published testimonials regarding Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, can scarcely fail to perceive that evidence so positive and concurrent could not be adduced in behalf of a remedy of doubtful efficacy. The facts proven by such evidence are that it roots out impurities of the blood, restores digestion, enriches the circulation, and regulates the bowels and liver.

The pope will build a new palace in the Vatican gardens for a summer residence.

It Saved His Life.

GENTLEMEN,—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months old. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age.

FRANCIS WALSH, Dalkeith, Ont.

The Congo State has annexed the kingdom of Monatayamoo, lying to the south.

Public Speakers, Actors and Vocalists find, and state that *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* relieves hoarseness and irritation in the throat better than remedies specially advertised to relieve that difficulty. This Oil has a wide scope, since it cures external hurts, corns, sores, frost-bite, piles, and a variety of other unhealthy conditions.

The flint glass works at Pittsburg have been reopened.

Superfluous hair, birth-marks, moles and all facial blemishes permanently removed, by Electrolysis. Dr. Foster, Electrican, 133 Church Street, Toronto.

The Erie Railway Company has gained an entrance into Chicago.

Mr. Alexander Robinson, of Exeter, in writing about one of the most popular articles, and one that has done more good to the afflicted than any other medicine has during the short time it has been in existence, says: "I have used four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and have been cured of Dyspepsia that troubled me for over ten years. Part of that time I had it very bad, and I was at considerable expense trying to get relief; but this excellent medicine was the first and only relief I received."

Prince George will not return to England until May next

The Sleep of the Just.

For sleepless nights depending on worry, vexation, indigestion, etc., Burdock Blood Bitters is a remarkably efficient cure. "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for sleepless nights and now sleep well all night. I recommend it to all suffering from imperfect rest.

GEO. H. SHIEL, Stony Creek, Ont.

Timothy Harrington is coming to America to assist in reorganizing the Irish League.

D. Sullivan, Malcolm, Ontario, writes:—"I have be selling *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil* for some years, and have no hesitation in saying that it has given better satisfaction than any other medicine I have ever sold. I consider it the only patent medicine that cures more than it is recommended to cure."

A crying need—A handkerchief.

Do no violence to the liver and general system by repeated doses of mercury in the shape of calomel and blue pill. Many persons thus dose themselves even without the advice of a physician. The best substitute for such pernicious drugs, and the use of which is never followed by disastrous effects upon the general health, is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which permanently tones the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and gives a healthful glow to the cheek.

System in Housework.

System, applied to housework, means the apportionment of certain duties or kinds of work among the several days of the week. A systematic arrangement of work and material is necessary in every vocation, to save time and to avoid confusion.

"Order is Heaven's first law." System underlies all the works of the Creator. The farmer must sow in season and reap in season, or suffer loss; the teacher must follow a certain programme or the school will be disorderly and undisciplined; the merchant must have a system of arranging his shelves and displaying his goods, or he will fail to attract customers.

A well-laid plan is a long step toward the accomplishment of any task. What is true of other callings is true of housekeeping. Every housewife should study a system, especially one whose purse is too slender for hired help. The woman who wisely allots certain portions of her work to certain days, and strictly adheres to the allotment, is master of the situation, while she who goes from task to task, and from day to day with no definite plan in view, is sure to be crowded and harassed by unthought of cares.

One day in the week should be set apart for washing, and when that day dawns no other duties should be allowed to interfere. Let the washing be done, rain or shine. As a fixed day for that duty, Monday has advantages over any other. The family washing is the hardest task that falls to the lot of a housewife, and when is she better prepared for it than after mind and body have been strengthened by the Sabbath? Then, too, there is less danger of being interrupted by callers. It is very embarassing and annoying to be called upon to entertain pe ple on washday. There is a rap at the door, the flurried housewife hastily wipes the suds from her hands, gives her hair a twist, throws off her soiled apron for a clean one, (if she has one) and hastens to admit her guest. She sits to chat awhile, wondering if meanwhile the clothes she left on the stove will boil until they are yellow, or if the calicoes she left in the tub will be all faded out. In many homes kitchen, dining-room and parlor are one; then the embarassment is much greater. After an hour's delay, which will hinder her getting through before dark, she resumes her work to find that her clothes have fared even worse than she feared.

Another reason for preferring Monday is that with most women the washing is mostly dreaded, and postponement only increases the dread. Let the most irksome tasks be first disposed of. Should there be inclement weather during the week, or an entertainment that one would wish to attend, or sickness, or unexpected company, or any unlooked for emergency, what comfort in the thought, "Well, my washing is done; I haven't that to worry about!" With the most unpleasant task of the week disposed of, it is an easy matter to so distribute the ironing, baking, cleaning and minor duties among the remaining forenoons as to leave the afternoons for sewing, mending or recreation.

Here is a system that was successfully carried out by a woman who did all the work for her own large family, and some for her neighbors, for she was obliged to earn money. On Monday she washed and scrubbed the floors, if there was time; if not, the scrubbing was left until the next morning. Tuesday forenoon was devoted to baking, sweeping, dusting, and a general straightening up of cupboards, shelves, stands, etc., that had become disarranged during Sunday and Monday. Wednesday forenoon part of the ironing was done, and whatever baking or cooking was necessary Thursday the ironing finished and the kitchen floor scrubbed. Friday was the day for odd jobs, such as cleaning windows and wood work, airing beds and closets, cleaning out wood-sheds, cellars, etc. On Saturday she did baking enough to last until the next Tuesday, scrubbed floors, gave the children baths and clean clothes, and put everything in readiness for the Sabbath. Every afternoon, excepting Monday, as soon as the dinner work was over, her dress was changed and she took up sewing, knitting, or mending for herself or others. The Sabbath was decidedly a day of rest. No clothes were put to soak, and no snow or ice was melted for wash-day. The day was kept holy, thereby refreshing mind, soul, and body. Housekeepers will find that strict Sabbath observance pays.

The cares and perplexities of a housekeeper's life are manifold, but they are greatly increased where there is lack of system in the work. Systematic housekeeping benefits all classes of housewives, the frail and strong, the rich and poor. The overworked, nervous woman will find her labors simplified and lightened by pursuing a studied routine, and the rich woman will find that her servants stay longer and give better satisfaction where they are trained to work upon a given plan.

LAURA C. GIBBONS.

You cannot be too particular about the medicines you use. When you need a blood-purifier, be sure you get Ayer's Sarsparilla, and no other. It will mingle with, purify, and vitalize every drop of blood in your body. It makes the weak strong.

For CRAMPS, COLIC, and all Bowel Troubles, use
PERRY DAVIS'
PAIN-KILLER
Used both internally and externally.
It acts quickly, affording almost instant relief from the severest pain.
BE SURE to GET THE GENUINE
25c per bottle.

MEDICINE and FOOD COMBINED!
The D&L EMULSION
OF COD LIVER OIL & HYPO of LIME and SODA.
Increases Weight, Strengthens Lungs and Nerves.
Price 50c. and $1.00 per Bottle.

Ministers and Public Speakers use
SPENCER'S
Chloramine Pastilles
For Clearing and Strengthening the voice.
Cure Hoarseness and Soreness of Throat.
Price 25c per bottle.
Sample free on application to Druggists.

TO MOTHERS
PALMO-TAR SOAP
Is Indispensable for the Bath, Toilet or Nursery, for cleaning the Scalp or Skin.
THE BEST BABY'S SOAP KNOWN.
Price 25c.

BRISTOL'S
Sarsaparilla.
The Great Purifier
— OF THE —
BLOOD AND HUMORS

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bangles for dogs' legs are the latest foolishness.

Only a little pinch of salt should be used with eggs in custard.

Rice, boiled very dry, is acceptably served with fish instead of potatoes.

Sometimes a woman has real golden hair and sometimes it is only plaited.

There is no emergency of life that the average woman does not think can be met with cut flowers.

Many a man who objects to carrying a bundle home from the provision store goes home from the baroom loaded.

When a brother comes to deal with the mistakes of a brother, he should remember his own frailties, and in gentleness rebuke, in kindness instruct, and in love admonish.

Playwriter—I have a new spectacular drama which will prove a great attraction. Manager—Of what does it consist? Playwright—Chiefly of an Arctic scene in which there are blocks of real ice.

Little Tommy had spent his first day at school.—"What did you learn?" asked his auntie on his return. "Didn't learn anything," said Tommy. "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do anything. A woman wanted to know how to spell 'cat' and I told her."

A Philadelphia bachelor has a large frame filled with photographs of young ladies, under each of which is pasted a newspaper clipping. With a pathetic accent the poor man exclaims: "They are pictures of the only girls I ever loved, and those clippings are their marriage notices."

Argand, a poor Swiss, invented a lamp with a wick fitted into a hollow cylinder, up which a current of air was permitted to pass, thus giving a supply of oxygen to the interior as well as the exterior of the wick. At first he used it without a glass chimney, but one night while sitting by it, his little brother was amusing himself by placing a bottomless oil flask on different articles. Suddenly he placed it on the flame of the lamp, which instantly shot up the long circular neck with increased brilliancy, and at the same time flashed into Argand's mind the circular chimney, by which his invention was perfected.

A German wood-polish is thus described: Three kilograms of shellac dissolved in pure spirits; then some collodion is to be put in a flask and moistened with sulphuric acid and some camphor added. These substances are to be stirred well together, after which spirits are poured in. Now both solutions are to be poured together and shaken well. This polish is to be rubbed in with an oil prepared in the following manner: Some camphor is dissolved in good rose oil—as much of the former as the oil will hold in solution. The polish already prepared is diluted with spirits of benzine and reduced at pleasure, so long as it retains sufficient body to give the desired result.

The Book of Lubon.

A man without wisdom lives in a Fool's Paradise. A Treatise especially written on Diseases of man containing Facts For Men of All Ages! Should be read by Old, Middle Aged, and Young Men. Proven by the sale of Half a Million to be the most popular, because written in language plain, forcible a instructive. Practical presentation of Medical Common Sense. Valuable to invalids who are weak and nervous and exhausted, showing new means by which they may be cured. Approved by editors, critics, and the people. Sanitary, Social, Science, Subjects. Also gives a description of Specific No. 8, The Great Health Renewer; Marvel of Healing and Koh-i-noor of Medicines. It largely explains the mysteries of life. By its teachings, health may be maintained. The book will teach you how to make life worth living. If every adult in the civilized world would read, understand and follow our views, there would be world of Physical, intellectual and moral giants. This book will be found a truthful presentation of facts, calculated to do good. The book of Lubon, the Talisman of Health brings bloom to the cheeks, strength to the body and joy to the heart. It is a message to the Wise and Otherwise. Lubon's Specific No. 8 the Spirit of Health. Those who obey the laws of this book will be crowned with a fadeless wreath. Vast numbers of men have felt the power and testified to the virtue of Lubon's Specific No. 8. All Men Who are Broken Down from over work or other causes not mentioned in the above, should send for and read this valuable treatise, which will be sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage. Address all orders to M. V. LUBON, room 15, 50 Front Street E., Toronto, Canada.

I took Cold,
I took Sick,
I TOOK
SCOTT'S EMULSION
RESULT:
I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON;
getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING
FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK."
Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

Incorporated 1886. TORONTO Hon. G. W. ALLAN, President.
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Over 1,200 pupils last three years.
Fall Term Begins Monday, 1st September.
Send for 90 page calendar containing announcements for coming season.
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.
Cor. Yonge street and Wilton avenue, Toronto.

FREE—In order to more fully introduce our Inhalation Treatment, we will cure cases of Catarrh, Asthma or Bronchitis, free of all cost, for recommendations after cure. Poor or rich invited. Call or address Medicated Inhalation Co., 280 Church Street, Toronto.

"THE DOLLAR" KNITTING MACHINE
MANUFACTURED BY CREELMAN BROS GEORGETOWN, ONT.
THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS FOR YOU. IT IS GOOD FOR $2.00. SEND IT AND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR ALL PARTICULARS AND PRICE LISTS.

POND'S EXTRACT
THE LADIES' FRIEND. THE PAIN DESTROYER.
THE WONDER OF HEALING!
CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHAGES OF ALL KINDS.
Used Internally & Externally. Prices 50c. $1 $1.75
POND'S EXTRACT CO. New York. London

TRADE OLIVE BRANCH MARK
REGISTERED
A RADICAL CURE FOR ALL FEMALE DISEASES.
IMPORTANT TO LADIES.—I want reliable Lady Agents all through Canada to sell the safe, pleasant and permanent cure for all Female Complaints, widely known throughout America as "Dr. Miner's Olive Branch." Reliable and satisfactory references can be furnished. It has over 30 marvellous cures. Samples free. It is a mild vegetable remedy; no nauseous drugs contained in it. An entirely new method of treating female diseases. One month's Treatment only $1. Write or call for samples, testimonials, particulars and prices. MRS. R. W. TROTTER, General Agent for Canada, 5 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

LADIES
INCREASE YOUR COMFORT BY WEARING
FEATHERBONE
TRY A SAMPLE PAIR
SOLD EVERYWHERE
MADE ONLY BY CANADA FEATHERBONE CO. LONDON, ONT.
ASK FOR FEATHERBONE CORSETS
THEY ARE MORE DURABLE
THEY ARE MORE GRACEFUL
THEY ARE MORE STYLISH
CORSETS.
THAN ANY OTHER CORSET IN THE MARKET

Hotter the Weather
Bigger the Proof.
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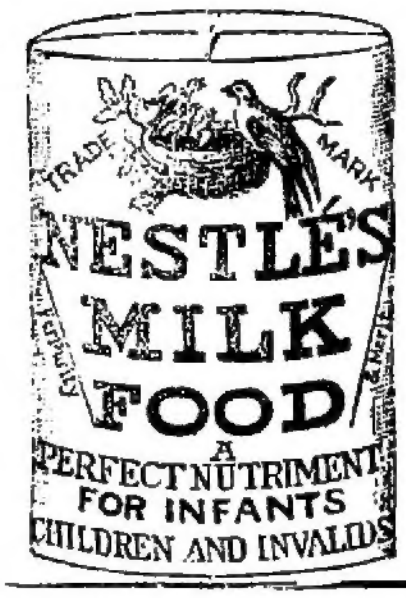

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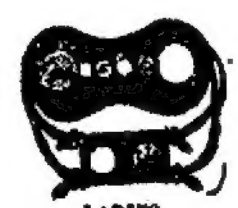

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